THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of April 23, 1944

Highlights to Charm

By David Wright
Distinguished British Artist

The Lipstick

Went Too Far with Their Woman Hating

EVERY now and then some disgruntled male makes the headlines because he has gone sour on the so-called gentler sex. Such men are rare. If they permanently break off diplomatic relations with the daughters of Mother Eve, their fellow men are inclined to look upon them as eccentric.

That's why a story from the northern hinterlands of Australia is hard to believe—a yarn that has a whole tribe of aborigines making a full-time job of woman-hating. Primitive men may, and do, get tough with their girl friends, but they seldom deny themselves the various benefits and conveniences of feminine companionship.

An engineer named H. L. Johnson is quoted as authority for this tale of mass anti-femininism. He recently made a report of the phenomenon to the officials in Sydney, who are supposed to keep an eye on affairs in East Arnhem Land.

East Arnhem Land is a peninsula on the north coast of the "Land Down Under" and is about midway of the continent from east to west. It's a wild country, mostly tableland hemmed in between mountains on the south and the sea on the north.

Several tribes of black-skinned aborigines live there. One of these tribes is the Wan-guri. And, compared with civilized men, its members have some strange notions. For hundreds of years the males of the tribe have gone in for rites presumably intended to establish the superiority of the male over the female.

Now and again the tribal medicine man would call a powwow and all the women would be rounded up and kicked out for awhile. They were belabored with sticks and spears and stones—but they always came back to do the cooking, take care of the youngsters and perform sundry other domestic chores.

Three years ago, if Mr. Johnson has the story straight, the Wan-guris waxed too enthusistic in one of their unchivalrous rituals. They killed an old woman. Her daughter broke tribal tradition to report the incident to the men who try to impose "white law" in Arnhem Land.

The killer was captured and taken away to jail and the men of the tribe were warned not to play so rough with their womenfolk.

It was then, so the story goes, that the top medicine man of the Wan-guris called a conference. The tribal gods were sore, he said, and had demanded that the women be kicked out and kept out until they learned to take their beatings and keep their big mouths shut.

So all the women and the girl children were herded together and driven into exile. No one was killed, but many of the females got badly marked up while they were saying their enforced good-byes. The exodus was staged when no white constables were in the neighborhood.

Inflamed by the Rantings of Their Medicine Man, the Wan-guris Herded Their Wives and Daughters Together and Drove Them Into Exile.

Months passed and some of the Wan-guris were getting fed up with the celibate life. And besides they missed the fun of slugging their wives. But the women had learned to live alone and like it. They didn't come crawling home.

On the contrary they developed a remarkable self-sufficiency under leaders that revealed the positive qualities of the ancient Amazons. They became downright warlike and made a couple of forays on their old headquarters in an attempt to capture their boy babies. Eight of the women were killed in a knock-down, drag-out brawl—and were driven off without recovering a single child.

As a final fillip to a story that many Australians refuse to believe, the white constables who patrol the frontiers of Arnhem Land say that the Wan-guri women have gone in for man-hating in a big way and have little use for the few male children born after they were booted out.

These luckless youngsters, it is said, have been saddled with feminine names and are treated like little girls.

The Englishman Might Have Gotten Away With His Little Family Brawl—If He Hadn't Thrown Precious, Rationed Food at His Surprised Spouse.

Food Out as Ammunition in Family Brawls

IT DOESN'T pay to throw pickles or hurl cheese at your wife, as one Archibald Brown of Wincanton, (Somerset) England, recently found out when he was haled into police court and fined a stiff sum for tossing groceries at his spouse.

Had the terrible-tempered Archibald used a frying pan or a rolling pin, the chances are he wouldn't have wound up before the judge at all. It was his choice of ammunition that got him into hot water with the law.

Testimony brought out the fact that when Mr. Brown went on the domestic mound he hurled butter, margarine, cheese, lard, bacon, bread, pickles and even preserved plums at his dodging wife.

It cost him 10 pounds ($50) in court costs and fines to find out he couldn't serve her food—overhand.

So incensed was the magistrate at such a waste of wartime food that he had a member of the British Food Ministry hear the case with him and help draw up the verdict.

After listening to Archibald admit that he had pelted his wife with their week's supply of rations, the Ministry spokesman ruled:

"If there is any acrimonious debate in the home, or any breach of connubial bliss, food rations must not be used as weapons of war."

Wouldn't Swap $39 for $100,000

WOULD you pay $39 to get $100,000 cash in return — with everything legal?

Probably most of us would, but for a long time a couple of brothers simply wouldn't pay the $39, which would have brought them back a tenth of a million.

The history of this strange case went away back to 1899 when, so it was claimed by the City of Syracuse, New York, a sidewalk repair job was done in front of a piece of private property and a $39 tax for the work was placed, as is customary, against it.

Then, about 40 years later, the D., L. & W. Railroad elevated its Syracuse tracks and required the property in question. Two brothers, Ross L. King, Jr., and Bruce King, were informed they could collect $100,000 at once for the property—if they could present a clear title to it.

But here was the catch. Railroad attorneys examined the official records and spotted the city's claim for the $39.

A short while later, the city agreed to wipe off the lien if only the $39 were paid, forgetting 45 years interest.

But the brothers stuck to their principle, claiming their father who had owned the property in 1899 wouldn't have neglected any such tax bill had it been legitimate.

The railroad wouldn't back down, so the $39 was finally paid.

"Dear Diary—It's a wonderful life on this island. This morning we had Wheaties again."

by Betty Crocker

Sprinkle Wheaties on your waffle batter! Use ¼ cup Wheaties for each waffle, just before baking.

"Adds a rich, nutty goodness," say my staff. Adds vitamins, too! Our Wheaties are whole grain. These toasted flakes supply all of whole wheat's widely known essential food values. B vitamins, iron, food-energy.

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Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 693, Minneapolis, Minn.

They get that way . . . like the GI gent at the left. Always thinking about Wheaties.

It's love that lasts, too—the love many a Wheaties man develops for these crisp, sunshiny whole wheat flakes. Second-helping good!

Champion food values, also, in an out-size bowlful of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Abundant food-energy, two B vitamins, minerals. Whole grain food values. Here's good whole wheat nourishment to help you zip thru the morning's work champion style.

Had YOUR Wheaties today?

Zing! A bulls-eye hit—that's Wheaties, with millions of hustling Americans. Second-helping good. Tomorrow, try Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"!

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Custard Pie

BRINGS YOU TRICKS IN THE RECIPE THAT HELP YOU AVOID A SOGGY CRUST!

SEVERAL special tricks in the recipe above will endear it to you . . . make this a pie you'll serve often.

When you make it don't fail to use Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour. When used with the Betty Crocker recipe method, the baking characteristics of this flour yield a crust of amazingly flaky tenderness. The combination of Gold Medal Flour and Betty Crocker recipes is your simplest, easiest, surest way to baking success . . . *It's America's favorite baking team!*

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Try a sack today; discover why so many thousands of women are switching to Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour today. GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Gold Medal is now enriched to new higher government standards . . . with added amounts of 3 "B" vitamins and iron. Gold Medal is now a "protective" food. It's, of course, also an inexpensive source of food-energy and protein.

Perfect results assured only with GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour

CUSTARD PIE

3 large eggs (or 6 egg yolks)	½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. nutmeg	½ tsp. salt
	2⅔ cups milk

Line 9-inch pie pan with plain pastry and brush with very slightly beaten egg white (or 1 tsp. melted butter). Set in refrigerator to chill thoroughly for several hours.

Beat the eggs slightly. Beat in sugar, salt, nutmeg and milk. Pour into the chilled pastry-lined pan.

Bake about 40 min. (or until a silver knife inserted into side of filling comes out clean—center of filling is soft but will set later). Hot oven (450°) for first 15 min., reducing to moderate (350°) to finish baking.

PASTRY

1 cup *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—½ tsp. salt—⅓ cup shortening—2 to 3 tbsp. ice water (just enough to make dough stay together)

Sift Gold Medal Flour and salt together, and add most of the shortening to the flour. Cut it in with a pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture looks like "meal".

Add remaining shortening, cutting it in particles size of giant peas. Sprinkle water lightly over mixture; blending it in until dough can be just pressed into a ball. Now roll out on a lightly floured cloth-covered board to fit a fairly deep 9-inch pie pan.

Place loosely in pie pan, leaving ½ inch extending over the edge. Turn under and build up a fluted edge.

A Betty Crocker RECIPE

← **DELECTABLE!** Filling sets beautifully into a delicate, creamy-yellow custard . . . is held in a crust that's flaky and crispy without a suggestion of sogginess. This type of pie takes little shortening and sugar.

Gold Medal

"Kitchen-tested"

ENRICHED FLOUR

Eventually Why Not Now?

Remember, "FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM!"—so don't waste it. Let Gold Medal's reliability help you avoid baking waste. Use it with the Betty Crocker recipes; a folder comes in each sack. They're tested; perfectly matched to Gold Medal.

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How the Jet-Driven Plane of the Future Will Work

THIRTY-EIGHT years after the Wright Brothers sent their "chicken crate with a propeller" into the air from North Carolina's Kill Devil Hill, a sleek fuselage with a couple of wings but no propeller was wheeled from a hangar one bright May morning at an airport in southern England.

A slim youth in an RAF uniform climbed into the cockpit. There was a whistle that turned into a roar. The strange craft sped across the grass and took off in a climb that carried it up 3,000 feet. For 20 minutes it soared above the clouds and then swooped back to earth. The pilot stepped out and said merely: "That was first-rate."

It was the first test of the jet-propelled plane, more commonly known as the "Squirt," which is being turned out in quantity now both in England and America and may revolutionize aerial warfare.

As in the case of the Wright Brothers' experiment, only a handful of spectators watched the first performance of a device which seemed destined to affect the lives of millions. The jet plane's test was in 1941, but not until this year was there any official announcement of the new super-weapon. At about the same time it was disclosed that the Germans were developing a similar craft, although there was no hint that espionage was responsible for the apparent similarity between the two.

The Germans are believed to be adhering more closely to models in which liquid oxygen and fuel are injected into a combustion chamber, from which the propelling gases emerge.

The jet-propelled plane differs mainly in the fact that it needs no liquid oxygen. Air is drawn in at the front of the ship, compressed, heated and mixed with fuel injected into a special chamber. There it is ignited. As these flaming gases are expelled through a nozzle mounted at the rear of the plane, more of the fuel is sprayed into the mixture.

This additional explosion gives the jet plane the terrific force which drives it through the sky at such phenomenal speeds.

A propeller-driven plane begins to be "stymied" above 450 miles an hour, because at such speeds the air around the propeller becomes compressed and the blades spin without exerting force.

Captain Ezra Kotcher, of the Army Air Forces engineering division, predicted recently that jet propulsion would give to fighting planes another 100 miles an hour. Some British enthusiasts have prophesied speeds that may reach 600 miles an hour.

The story of the jet plane is the story of Frank Whittle. He was in his teens when he joined the RAF as an apprentice, but he produced such remarkable designs in aerodynamics that he was sent to a training college at Cranwell. He emerged from there in 1928 with the highest award in aeronautical sciences, and two years later he patented a jet engine which he called the Gyrone.

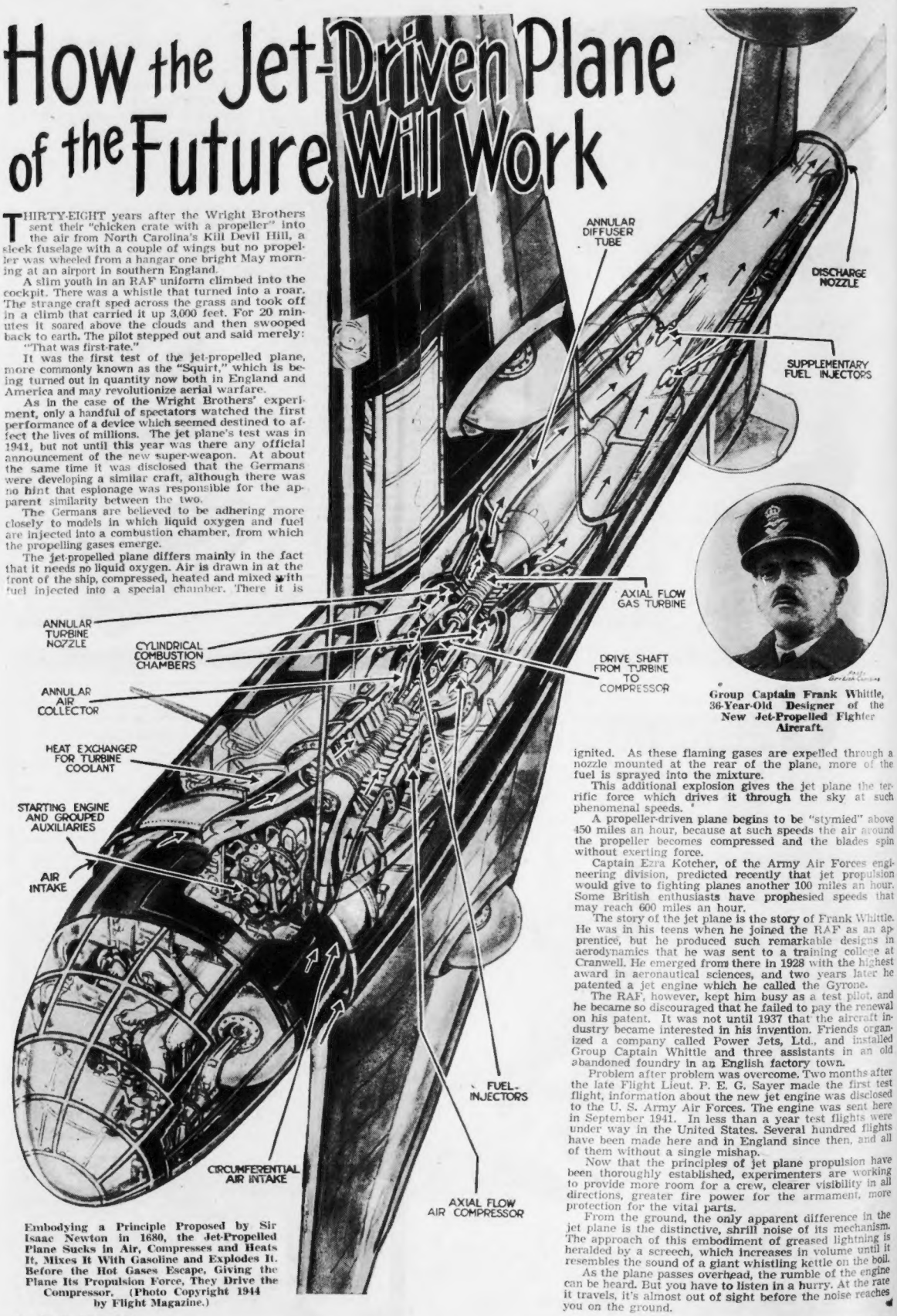
The RAF, however, kept him busy as a test pilot, and he became so discouraged that he failed to pay the renewal on his patent. It was not until 1937 that the aircraft industry became interested in his invention. Friends organized a company called Power Jets, Ltd., and installed Group Captain Whittle and three assistants in an old abandoned foundry in an English factory town.

Problem after problem was overcome. Two months after the late Flight Lieut. P. E. G. Sayer made the first test flight, information about the new jet engine was disclosed to the U. S. Army Air Forces. The engine was sent here in September 1941. In less than a year test flights were under way in the United States. Several hundred flights have been made here and in England since then, and all of them without a single mishap.

Now that the principles of jet plane propulsion have been thoroughly established, experimenters are working to provide more room for a crew, clearer visibility in all directions, greater fire power for the armament, more protection for the vital parts.

From the ground, the only apparent difference in the jet plane is the distinctive, shrill noise of its mechanism. The approach of this embodiment of greased lightning is heralded by a screech, which increases in volume until it resembles the sound of a giant whistling kettle on the boil.

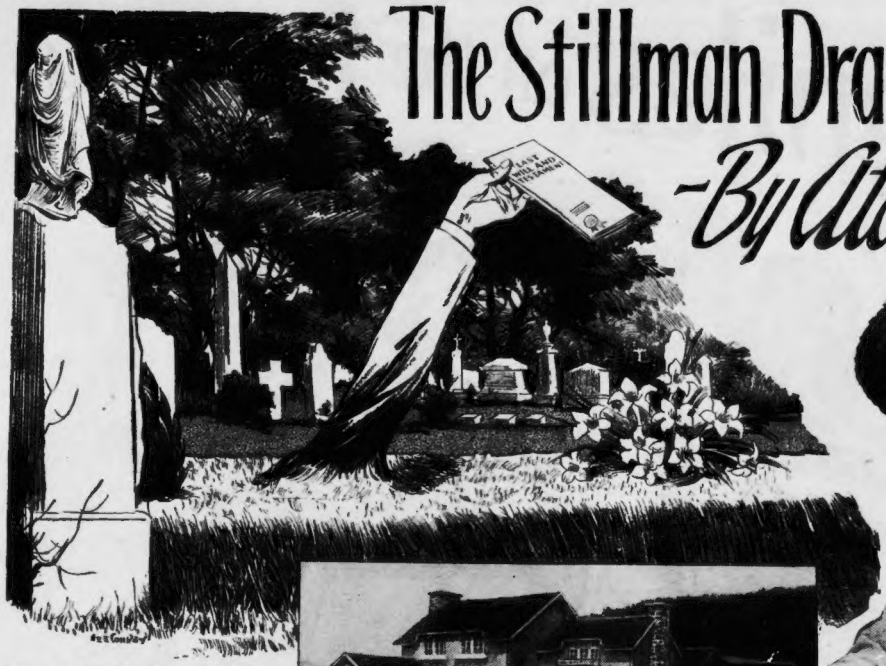
As the plane passes overhead, the rumble of the engine can be heard. But you have to listen in a hurry. At the rate it travels, it's almost out of sight before the noise reaches you on the ground.



Embodying a Principle Proposed by Sir Isaac Newton in 1680, the Jet-Propelled Plane Sucks in Air, Compresses and Heats It, Mixes It With Gasoline and Explodes It. Before the Hot Gases Escape, Giving the Plane Its Propulsion Force, They Drive the Compressor. (Photo Copyright 1944 by Flight Magazine.)

Group Captain Frank Whittle, 36-Year-Old Designer of the New Jet-Propelled Fighter Aircraft.

The Stillman Drama Closed —By Atonement



Banker Stillman's Last Will Came As a Surprise Gesture of Reparation From the Grave.

Stillmans' Canadian Camp, First Scene in Drama That Cost Banker Prestige, Social Position and a Million.

Fifi Stillman McCormick, Apex of One of America's Most Famous Domestic Triangles.

Baby Guy Stillman (Left) Now Grown Up, and His Brother, Alexander, Shared Equally Under the Will.

The Late James A. Stillman, Wealthy New York Banker, Who Learned Forgiveness the Hard Way.

HIS legendary effort to fasten the stigma of illegitimacy on his youngest son, Guy, cost James A. Stillman, the wealthy banker who died last January, much more than a million dollars.

It cost him other millions in financial prestige.

It cost him the love and respect of his wife, the loyalty of another, the affection of friends and his high place in the business world.

Yet, in his will, the terms of which have just been disclosed, he left to the boy, to whom he might have attributed all this misfortune, an equal share with his other three children in his remaining millions.

The clause including him with his sister and brothers was at once an atonement and a finale, appropriately spectacular, to the most lurid society drama of recent times.

The curtain went up on its first act in the early twenties, when Stillman sued for divorce, denying the paternity of Guy, then less than a year old.

He accused his wife, the former Anne Urquhart (Fifi) Potter, of misconduct with Fred Beauvais, a Canadian Indian half-breed guide at Stillman's camp near Three Rivers, Quebec.

Since the papers containing the charges were secretly filed, it appears that he at first entertained a wistful hope that his wife would take the blow lying down and that he would get his divorce without any publicity.

Few expectations have ever been more rudely shattered. Even if Fifi had been the supine type—and she was the opposite—the charges alone would have given the show away.

As it was, the lid blew off with a bang. Fifi fought, and the public was treated to such a whoop-de-do as it had not seen since Barnum days.

Canadian witnesses, especially imported, described how they had climbed ladders in the night to spy on Mrs. Stillman, how they had peeped at her through keyholes.

A nurse testified that immediately after Guy's birth his mother had wired Beauvais: "Little Black Bear has arrived."

However, other witnesses asserted that there was nothing particularly significant in this telegram, that she had planned to send such announcements to all her friends, using the expression, "Little White Bear" if the child were a girl, "Little Black Bear," if a boy.

Stillman sought to climax his case with a letter, allegedly written to him by his wife.

What effect this might have had will never be known, since the missive was ruled out on the ground that confidential communications between married folk are not evidence.

Fifi's counter-attack was spearheaded with the charge that her banker spouse had been disporting himself with Mrs. Florence H. Leeds, showgirl daughter of a plumber.

Stillman, Fifi alleged, had fathered two of Flo's children; he had posed as "Franklyn Harold Leeds," she declared, and had set up luxurious establishments for his second family in New York City and on Long Island, and had traveled with Flo to Florida resorts—all of which Mrs. Leeds did not deny.

"I refuse to answer on the ground that it might incriminate me," was the best the banker could find to say in his own behalf. And, on being questioned about immodest parties aboard his yacht, piquantly named "Modesty," he made the same reply.

Flo and the Modesty finally tipped the scales toward Fifi. The court decided that her husband was not entitled to a divorce, that the illegitimacy of baby Guy had not been proven.

But Stillman was not the man to call off a war merely because he had lost a battle. Before long he had resurrected the whole sorry affair before the Appellate Division, and then he resurrected it again, before the Court of Appeals.

When the latter tribunal closed the last legal door on him the embittered banker at last admitted defeat.

In the last ten years his litigation with Fifi dragged through the courts, he had poured more than $1,000,000 into it. He lost his place in the bank. The Social Register dropped him and his whole family from its pages. His eldest son, "Bud," sided against him.

Ordinary men tend to blame their troubles on luck, their wives, the government, the boss—anybody or anything but themselves. The Hebrews summed up this human trait in the ritual of the "scapegoat."

In his unwanted wife and unwanted child, Stillman had a couple of made-to-order scapegoats.

You'd think that he scarcely could have borne the sight of either of them. You'd think that Guy, especially, would have begun to seem a symbol of catastrophe.

But Stillman was not an ordinary man. Tribulation seems to have made him a Job. The final, the conclusive proof is in his will, but even before that there were signs and portents.

For example, when Fifi eventually divorced him, this time naming as her rival a lady in Havana, some of the most damaging testimony was presented by his valet. Instead of firing the man, Stillman retained him.

Again, when Fifi married John D. Rockefeller's grandson, Fowler McCormick, the long-suffering banker came to wish the bride happiness.

And in 1938 he made his first public appearance with the son whose name he had so strenuously tried to blacken. Along with Fifi, her new husband and "Bud," he was an honored guest at the wedding of Guy and Miss Nancy Holbrook.

This happy occasion suggested a complete restoration of harmony among all the Stillmans, but it remained for the will to give evidence of the banker's impartial esteem for his three sons, all in the armed services, and to prove that Guy actually had been reinstated firmly in his father's affections.

Juveniles on the Loose

In Training Center Towns, Soda Fountains That Were Once "After School Clubs" Often Become Hang-outs Where Restless Teen-Agers in Search of Wartime Thrills Find Easy Pick-ups. Sometimes They Lead to Trouble.

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST
Nationally Recognized Research Authority and Author of "Alcoholism—Laymen Join Science to Cure It"

No. 2—Those Victory Girls

IT WAS an afternoon session in a court for wayward girls in a city on the Atlantic Coast. Seated around the walls were policewomen, matrons, policemen, witnesses and attendants—an audience too large to permit of the secrecy supposed to be accorded to the defendants.

The judge's desk, set on a platform, was at one end of the spacious square room. The defendants' bench ran parallel with it but at a distance of several feet. An arrangement which made it impossible for the judge to gain the confidence of the pitiable young defendants to whom he must mete justice with mercy.

In this case the defendant was a pretty girl of seventeen. Her light brown hair was naturally wavy. Her eyes were large and blue, although a bit vacant in their baby stare. Her small, full mouth showed a trace of make-up which had refused to give in to the washcloth of the Detention Home. She was neatly clad in a smart Alice blue sports dress. Lisa wore a red rose in her hair.

When the case was called, the policewoman who had sworn to the charges against Lisa took a seat at the side of the judge's desk. The judge let his eyes run quickly over a resume of the charges set down for him. This was Lisa's story:

Her mother had died when she was only twelve years old. Her father, who was then working in Pittsburgh, sent her to live with his mother in North Carolina. At fourteen Lisa was taken out of school and put to work as a domestic, with the grandmother collecting her wages. In the meantime, the father had married again and started another family.

He and his new wife were not interested in having Lisa with them. Lisa had neither taste nor skill for housework. So she shifted rapidly from one place to another. When war came, she took to the road, hoping to find work in the big cities to the north. Not too bright and without training, she had work only by little starts which soon gave out. From the road Lisa took to the streets. Now she was going to become a mother.

If she knew who the baby's father was she would not tell. Only she was sure that he was a sailor. "I only go with sailors," she told the judge. "But I'm going to be married," she added eagerly. "Tonight I'm going to meet Curly under the clock in the Square and we're going to make arrangements for our wedding."

Further questioning by the judge revealed that she did not even know Curly's real name.

For the time being Lisa was sent to a home for delinquent girls. Then, for the first and only time during the hearing she showed feeling. As the police matron escorted her from the court room she sobbed, "I don't want to go to a home. I want to marry Curly."

TO SEND her to such a place under the circumstances seemed a somewhat casual disposition of her case. "I agree with you," the judge responded to my inference, "but we're on the spot where these unmarried mothers are concerned.

"The Florence Crittenton Homes, upon which we can depend in normal times, are full up and dated for months to come. All the other homes run by private contribution are crowded. So are the wards in our public institutions."

Now let us take another of the day's casualty list. Dora was sixteen. She, too, was pretty, with great dark eyes and shiny dark curls. But Dora hadn't the excuse that Lisa had for her troubles.

Dora was a Victory Girl, as the police have come to call them.

"We all have to do something for the boys," she had told the policeman who had picked her up after watching her for several nights. Her mother and father were well off, and she was still in high school. Both of her parents were in court. And the story they told the court, both of them finding it difficult to keep the tears back, was not an unusual one.

At school Dora had taken up with bad companions. They, too, were girls from good middle-class families. After school they took the bus to a park near a training center. There they sat around in the drug store waiting for the boys. From the drug store to a honky-tonk was the next step. And from there it was only a short pace to the near-by rooming house.

"I don't know what's gotten into her," sobbed the mother. "She used to be a good girl. But lately—" Wiping her eyes, she went on: "We've tried everything we could think of. She can have company at home. But she doesn't want to stay home. She plays truant from school. She stays out for dinner and sometimes it's three o'clock in the morning before she comes in.

"When she is home she goes up to bed at the same time we all do. Then she waits until the house is quiet and sneaks down the back stairs and climbs out the kitchen window."

"Dora, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the judge.

Dora gave a silent toss of her head.

"Do you want to go home?"

Here the answer was a sullen "No."

"What do you want?"

"I want to live my own life," snapped this 16-year-old girl.

The judge let her know that she was not going to lead her own life as he gave her a choice between going home, and going to an institution to remain until she would be 21, perhaps. She was given some weeks to make her choice.

What I saw that afternoon was a complete reversal of the opinion which I have listened to

The Startling, Sobering Story of American Adolescents on a Wartime Binge of Irresponsibility, by the Famous Investigator and Author Who Calls Out to Parents and Officials to Rehabilitate Our Wayward and Jittery Kids

from the casually minded, that "our girls are not up to any real harm. They're just a lot of youngsters out looking for romance or adventure." Of the nine cases on the day's calendar only two were born in that city and one other in the state. Two were 16, three were 17, two were 18, one was 19 and one was 20 years old. Three were "ladies of the evening."

In a court in an inland industrial city, three under-age girls were on trial for bigamy—or perhaps I should say "polygamy." They had set out together from a southern mountain district to make matrimony a profitable war project.

The oldest of the three had been married when she was 12 years old. She was the mother of two boys whom she had left with her mother. Her husband had gone away "some place" to look for work. The girl worked in tobacco. Her earnings afforded a bare living. When a year had gone by without word from her husband she figured out what she thought would be an easy way to fill in the gap.

She had "heard tell" that the wives of soldiers and sailors received fifty dollars a month plus thirty dollars a month for each child. She decided to indulge in many marriages and had passed the idea on to two neighbors.

At the time of her arrest she had managed somehow to inveigle a sailor and a marine, and was on her way to meet a soldier for her fourth venture in matrimony. The thought of divorce had not entered her inadequate mind. Nor had the other two girls been concerned about it. One had been married to a soldier and was taken up as she and her second intended victim were at the marriage license bureau. The other one had left her husband, who was 30 years older than herself, and had married a sailor.

They had lived well at government expense for several months before they were finally tracked down by the police.

A similar story comes from a court in the Southwest. A girl of 18 had married four soldiers within a few weeks. When one went overseas she moved to the vicinity of some other camp for another tryout.

On the West Coast the greatest problem with which the juvenile authorities must deal is that young and generous species known as the Victory Girls.

Dr. J. C. Geiger, Director of Health for the City of San Francisco, gave his definition:

"Most of them have daytime jobs, and frequent the bars and taverns, and other hot-spots at night, where they pick up service men who are on leave, and give themselves for nothing."

As they are neither vagrants nor organized in a shameful profession they are exempt from arrest unless the police have proof that they are under age.

Roaming at will they have become the most generous contributors to the spread of social maladies.

The most shocking case I encountered was in a western minors' court. It was that of two little sisters, one of 12 and one of 10 years. Besides them, the family consisted of two little boys of seven and four, and a father and stepmother.

They had come from Colorado in a jalopy. The only place they could find to live was a two-room apartment of a transient house for soldiers and sailors—and no questions asked.

The apartment was on an alley. The alley was the only place the children had to play. The stepmother was an epileptic and not normal mentally. Both little girls had tragically lost their way, and the older one was a hospital case.

A poignant aspect was the sorrow of the father when the four children were taken from him. "Does this mean, Your Honor, that we can never have them again?" he asked with tears streaming. "What has happened is horrible. But we love our children and do not want to lose them."

He was told that as soon as he could find a decent place for them to live and the court was assured that they would be properly cared for they could go home again.

This was but one instance. On that day's calendar in that court eight cases were disposed of.

Only three of the defendants were native daughters. A girl from Texas—she was 15—was obviously expecting a baby. Her father worked in a shipyard, and the mother in a ten-cent store.

Another girl in the same plight was from Kansas City. She was 17. Her parents were dead and she had come west with an aunt and uncle in a trailer now parked as their home in an empty space on the outskirts of the city.

Just how the traffic in wayward girls progressed, not in one spot but in many, may be seen in figures given out by the courts themselves.

In New York City in 1941, the number of commitments in which the ages ran between 16 and 21 was 84. In 1942 the number was 120. For the first six months of 1943 it was 120.

In San Francisco the number of girls brought to trial in 1941 was 300; in 1942, it was 478; and in the first five months of 1943, it was 299. An average of 75 per cent of them are from outside states. In January 1943, 17 girls were picked up in honky-tonks or off the streets. In February, out of 21, three were infected; in March out of 11, two were infected; in April out of 38, two were expectant mothers, and nine were infected.

It may be said that these were seaports, and conditions, therefore, were aggravated.

All right then, let us go to Maine and then down the line and criss-cross here and there over the country. From the Juvenile Aid Bureau of Maine comes word that over 300 transient minors were sent home during the last two years.

IN 1942 there were 1875 delinquency cases disposed of, an increase of 42 per cent over preceding years. While no separate account was made of girl wildlings, the opinion of the welfare workers was that they were much more numerous than they used to be.

Here are reports from other cities, showing the percentage of increased waywardness among adolescent girls during the last two years:

Jacksonville, Fla., 35 per cent; Philadelphia, 20 per cent; Portland, Ore., 30 per cent; Durham, N. C., the illegitimate birth rate has gone up 45 per cent; St. Louis, the rate of unmarried mothers, mostly between the ages of 15 and 18 years, has gone up 20 per cent; Baltimore reports that the number of children between 15 and 19 years suffering with social diseases is up 30 per cent.

La Crosse, Wis., reports that while there are no more juvenile miscreants than formerly, more and more girls are found in their ranks; from Augusta, Ga., a disguised medical officer, out on a sleuthing expedition, tells us that 75 per cent of the girls seeking dates are under 18 years old.

And so on and on through the records of 30 cities, only one of which, Akron, Ohio, reports no increase.

Constantly while I was listening in at court sessions, my memory took me back to days before the first World War when I went to Denver to interview Judge Ben B. Lindsay, who was the founder of the Juvenile Court.

His courtroom was scarcely more than a large closet. No one went into that room but the young delinquent and the judge, who had familiarized himself with the case.

Before sitting down to talk with her he knew all that the parents or the welfare workers knew, and more. For he had a natural instinct for knowing what it was that made the young go wrong. He talked with them like a gentle, all-knowing and all-loving father. He talked separately with the parents. And, when he thought it necessary, he brought them all together before him.

I have the same recollection of the first days in the Juvenile Court in San Francisco, when Judge Murasky patterned his procedure after that of Judge Lindsay, using that same wise and gentle persuasion. It worked more often that it failed.

Today, delinquent girls, in many instances, are tried in courtrooms with as many as fifty witnesses, attendants, welfare workers and witnesses sitting around the walls. The judge is not elected as a Juvenile Court judge because of his special fitness for the highly delicate mechanisms involved.

He is one of several judges who rotate from court to court and seldom does he know anything about the case until he reads it in court from the account prepared for him by the police and social workers.

There are, of course, many more delinquents than there used to be. And it is not possible to give each case the attention it deserves. Nor has the judge the know-how it takes to make his decision a remedial one. Too often the road to the institution is the only one open.

(Note:—Since one of the purposes of the Juvenile Court is to conceal the identity of minors brought before it, where specific cases are mentioned, the locations of the courts are not given. Names used for the sake of clarity are wholly fictitious.)

Next week, Mrs. Parkhurst will tell some of the causes of juvenile delinquency, among them the absence of proper parental supervision because many mothers are busy in defense plants or are doing other wartime work.

It Seemed Incredible to the Judge That This "Moral Casualty" From a Comfortable Home, Whose Mother Was Eager to Take Her Back, Should Refuse to Return. "Just What DO You Want?" He Asked, Puzzled. "To Live My Own Life," the 16-Year-Old Said Sullenly, Leaving Him No Alternative But to Send Her to an Institution.

WAKE UP! BEFORE TEETH LOSE THEIR BEAUTY *SPEND ONE EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK!*

AMONG LEADING DENTIFRICES—ONLY TEEL AVOIDS THESE CAVITIES!

HE: Dum-de-dum-de da-de-dum . . .

SHE: What's all the joy, Caruso?

HE: I've just brushed my teeth with TEEL. It's a real waker-upper, and *safer*, too.

SHE: Safer? How come?

HE: Simple! Dental studies showed that 8 in 10 adults may risk getting cavities at the gumline.

SHE: Wait a minute, professor. *My* dentifrice is safe!

HE: You may *think* so—but studies show that TEEL is the *only* leading dentifrice that protects you from those ugly gumline cavities.

SHE: But I *like* the dentifrice I'm using.

HE: Ah, yes. But you'll like TEEL *better*. TEEL is a liquid with an invigorating flavor. Makes your mouth feel clean and tingly. It's *delicious!*

SHE: Sounds *good.*

HE: Yes, and it's easy to use. Just brush your teeth every day with TEEL and once a week...for about a minute ...brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Try it and you'll sing too! Dum-de-dum-de-da-de-dum . . . . .

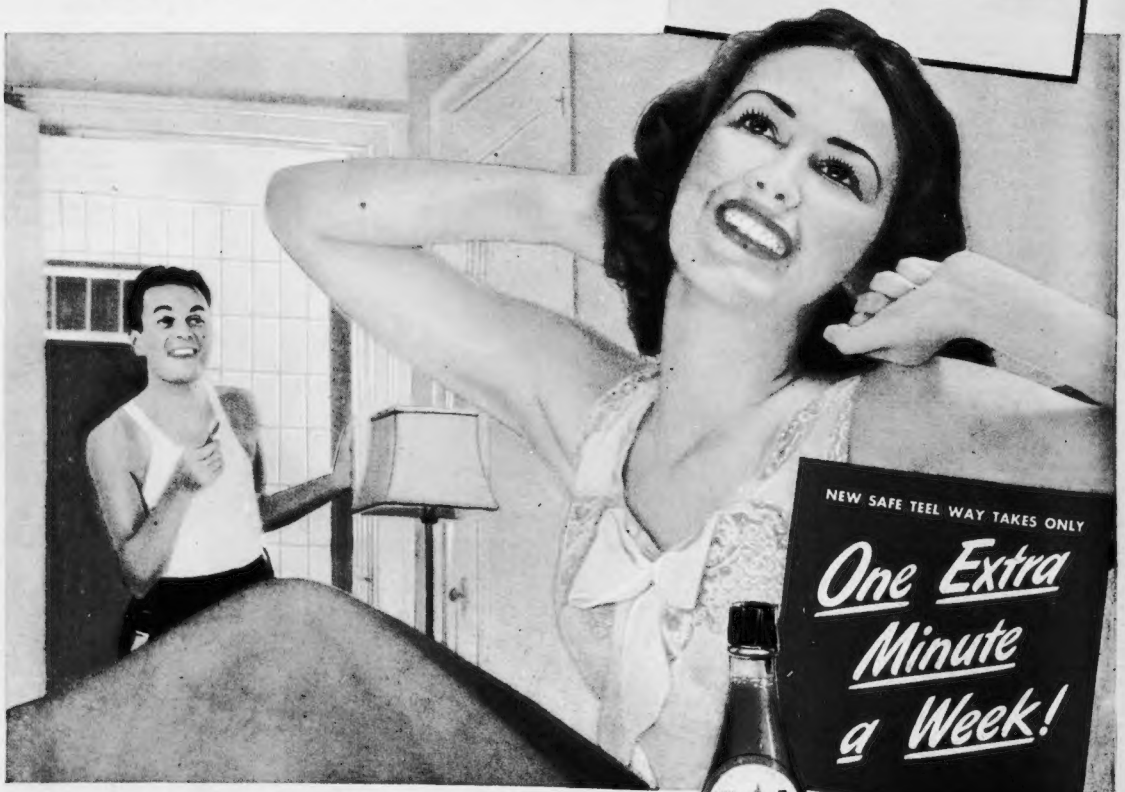
* * *

Get TEEL—today—at any drug, department or 5 and 10¢ store.

8 in 10 You May Risk Cavities Like These

See that cavity in the tooth at the left? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that *over half of all adults examined* had these cavities—and *more than 8 in 10 risked getting them*—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

BUT—extensive laboratory tests show this: TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES . . . BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOREOVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.



Teel protects teeth_ *Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

There's beauty in every drop!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

Tragic Honeymoon That May Save Your Life

Taken Under Doctors' Orders, the Miracle Sulfa Drugs Smother Disease Germs, But When Improperly Used or Self-Prescribed They May Block the Kidneys, Destroy Vitamin B-1, Damage Red Blood Cells and Sometimes Cause Irreparable Injury or Death.

By ROBERT D. POTTER, Science Editor

THE tragic, sulfa-drug honeymoon death of Pvt. Joe McMichael, once member of the radio-famed Merry Macs quartet, shows America's millions that these potent, germ-slaying drugs can be human killers, too.

What happened to the 27-year-old ex-singer can happen to everyone who tries to use the sulfa drugs without medical advice.

On his recent honeymoon with Songwriter Inez James, Joe caught a cold. He went to a civilian physician who prescribed sulfa tablets and other treatment. The sulfa drugs helped, and Joe got better.

But then came relapse. The cold came back.

Joe did what most other people might do.

He figured that if the sulfa drug helped him the first time it would help him again. Accounts of his death read simply, "...he took them contrary to directions."

Those six simple words were the pronouncement of his doom.

Maybe happy Joe McMichael, as a lot of people still do, figured that if one tablet every three hours helped him, then two tablets would work twice as well, or that one tablet every hour on the hour would work three times as well this time.

Or maybe Joe was just one of those unfortunate persons who become allergic to sulfa after the first use and get a severe shock at the second treatment. That can, has and does happen to some patients.

But whatever occurred, Joe McMichael is dead. His widow has only memories and the condolences of the radio and amusement world.

If what happened to Joe can have any meaning in the scheme of greater things, it can only be that the American public needs to learn its lesson and realize that many drugs can be extremely hazardous.

Emphasis is given in a recent coroner's report in Toronto, Canada, where eleven persons were reported victims in a short period of excessive use of sulfanilamide drugs, taken without instructions from physicians.

Careless Use of a Sulfa Drug Turned Inez James' Honeymoon Into a Tragedy.

BAUMO of HOLLYWOOD Photo

Private Joseph McMichael, Former Radio Singer, Whose Death Proved Doctors' Warnings That the Ability of Bodies to Withstand Sulfa Chemicals Varies Greatly.

Crying almost unheard amidst the vast publicity over the miracles of the sulfa drugs, some physicians for years have been preaching the dangers of sulfanilamide, sulfadiazine, sulfapyridine and other sulfa chemicals.

The medical world took heed but the public would not listen. Warnings of the doctors were often turned aside with that old criticism, "Oh, the docs want to keep sulfa drugs wrapped up in their control so that they can get their cut for prescribing them." In some communities sulfa chemicals have been on sale over most drug store counters just as many harmless household remedies.

In large hospitals or clinics, says Dr. A. E. Osterberg, noted biochemist of the Mayo Clinic, the dosage of hazardous drugs like the sulfa compounds is closely watched, and their action on the human body can be quickly tested in chemical laboratories. And especially do physicians watch the toxic manifestation of the sulfa compounds.

The danger, for home users of these drugs, is that the ability of the body to withstand the chemicals varies greatly from patient to patient. Doses tolerable to some persons can kill others. Each case is different. If treatment with the sulfa drugs continues after the signs of toxicity appear, death may eventually result through the destruction of the kidneys, the liver and also the red blood cells.

Damage to vital organs well may have been what killed Joe McMichael.

But even before the lethal state is reached sulfa compounds can produce odd effects. Some people get dysmorphia, the kind of distorted vision that makes one think he is seeing things in one of those twisted mirrors at a carnival or sideshow.

Or the patient experiences agraphia —inability to express thoughts in writing. Or aphasia—inability to express thoughts in speech—or stammering, neuritis, even psychosis.

Dizziness, blindness, convulsions ... all these and more are symptoms of the poisonous, toxic effects of sulfa drugs used not wisely but too well.

These symptoms, that doctors recognize, mean that the public's opinion of sulfa drugs as just harmless newfangled, high-powered cure-alls is the height of complacency.

New drives are being made through doctors, and especially through pharmacists in drug stores, to block the promiscuous sale of sulfa drugs without a medical prescription.

But even then the public must learn that it is not safe to use up the pills (which may be left over) the next time illness strikes, unless a physician can re-examine the case and decide if sulfa drugs will help again.

And the same thing goes for many other of the common drugs, too.

Quinine and atabrine, distributed to American troops to fight malaria in the jungles, are wonderous remedies if rightly used. But overdoses can cause delirium, loss of consciousness, and even death.

Sleeping remedies, like the barbiturate drugs, have been the cause of many another fatality through abuse of their use.

In reverse, many dangerous poisons can and are being used medicinally with fine results. Strychnine—conjuring up pictures of poisons and suicide —is a powerful stimulant to failing respiration or weak heart action, when properly used.

Curare, poison used by South American natives, is now used in three ways by modern medicine: (1) In combination with anesthesia at operations, (2) to relieve spastic paralysis, and (3) to lessen convulsive shocks of metrazol in treating insanity.

Typical of drugs helpful in small amounts and harmful in overdose is the body's own chemical insulin, made in the pancreas. Diabetics, lacking insulin, can receive it by injection under proper control. Insulin, too, helps produce the shocks that can aid in the treatment of insanity. Yet, an overdose can cause death.

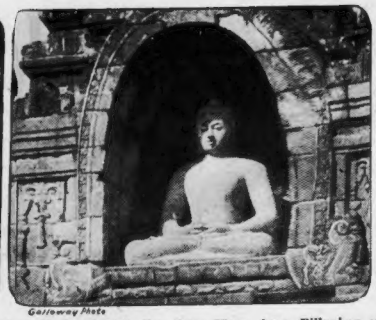
Of the tragic sulfa fatality, Dr. Osterberg has this warning:

"The old adage that 'If a little is good, more is better,' does not hold true in the science of chemotherapy. That is what poor Joe McMichael did not know, or did not remember.

"That is what you need to know to avoid the same fatal mistake."

Crystalline Form of Sulfa Is Shown in This Microscopic Enlargement of Sulfathiazol.

Galloway Photo



Galloway Photo

Photo-Screen Traveler from Gendreau

Some of the Sacred Buddhas of Boro Budur Which the Japs Now Are Pillaging and Sending to Tokio in the Hope of Luring Buddhists Under the Spell of Hirohito and His War Lords. In One of Them May Perhaps Be Hidden the Long-Sought Dust of the Great Oriental Mystic Himself.

POWER-HUNGRY JAPS HUNTING FOR THE DUST OF BUDDHA

The Monkey Men's Archeologists Are Combing the Exposed Ruins of Java's Famous Treasure-Filled Shrine, the Boro Budur, Not Only for Loot, But for Spiritual Influence Over Their Vassals

JAP HANDS are clawing at sacred ruins. They are clutching relics of an ancient religion, prying through the treasures of a thousand years, to pillage them from vassal peoples and bear them in triumph to Tokio. The octopus of military might hungers for the beliefs—as well as the blood—of his opponents.

Underground word from Java, conquered island of the Dutch East Indies, tells how Japanese archeologists are swarming over world-famed Boro Budur, the "Temple of a Million Buddhas," to steal its gods, even as the Germans have looted the historic storehouses of Europe.

Theft of the gods stems back to ancient times. The barbarians of old subjugated their enemies by ravishing their idols. For they learned they could capture men's souls by seizing the symbols of their religion. The Japs, in their savagery, cling to the same idea. Buddhism has been long dead in Java, but it has hordes of disciples in conquered Ceylon and occupied China.

Buddhism was born in India, across the street from Java, and was imported to Japan from China and Korea 1,400 years ago. But Japan long has sought to establish Tokio as the seat of Buddhism, and now it has the opportunity by robbing Boro Budur, the greatest tribute ever raised anywhere to the Eastern mystic.

Once the deities are in the Jap homeland—and perhaps some of the ashes of Buddha himself—millions of Buddhists will come under the spell of Emperor Hirohito and his war lords—or so the Japs believe.

There are more than 100,000 Buddhist shrines in Japan, almost as many as there are Shinto shrines, and the addition of the stolen ornaments, it is believed, would give new face to the people of Japan.

The Boro Budur was built around 800 A. D. or 900 A. D., at a time when Java was populated by Buddhists. Mohammedanism supplanted the belief and for centuries the temple lay under a growth of trees and shrubbery.

During the brief British rule of Java (1811-1816), Sir Stamford Raffles, the lieutenant-governor, sent out engineers to excavate the ruins. Subsequently, when the Dutch took over, the work was carried on.

What eventually was disclosed was a magnificent monumental mound built with lava blocks in terraces that rise 500 feet above the base. The base forms a square, 520 feet on each side, only a little more than 200 feet shorter than the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Cairo.

It was peopled with hundreds of statues of Buddha, some weighing ten tons, and decorated with miles of carvings portraying the life of Buddha. So the Javanese of the last century and this called the discovery the "Temple of a Million Buddhas."

The lower tiers of the Boro Budur were carved with life-size figures of fishermen, hunters and farmers, with royal personages and their kneeling slaves, with warriors and their spears, with dancing girls and their veils. They also showed laughing elephants, and ships manned by banks of rowers.

These were scenes of the secular life. But the three upper tiers of the temple were consecrated to the glory of Gautama Buddha. He was born a prince of India about 600 B. C., but gave up his birthright to a throne and fabulous riches to don a beggar's robe and preach his philosophy of reincarnation and universal good.

The Javanese of ancient times, in devotion to Buddha and his teachings, immortalized him in sculpture and graven stone. His birth, education, marriage and acceptance of the ascetic life, all were represented in the wall carvings. On the three circular terraces, they built 72 bell-shaped stupas, each a shrine with a heroic statue of Buddha facing the central dagoba in "celestial contemplation."

So impressive was the temple that Prof. T. Athol Joyce, distinguished ethnographer of the British Museum, called it "one of the finest and most elaborate monuments ever inspired by a great world religion—a masterpiece of human art and craftsmanship in a setting of superb beauty."

It is likely that at some time, and maybe even now, the great Boro Budur contained the dust of Buddha. For in 264 B. C., seven of the eight original dagobas of India, where the relics of Buddha's body were enshrined, were opened by Asoka, the reigning king. He had them placed in 84,000 vases and they were distributed throughout the Eastern world to woo converts to Buddhism. Certainly Boro Budur, though not built until centuries later, counted such an acquisition among its treasures.

When the Dutch continued the work pioneered by the British, the Javanese natives accepted the stone Buddhas as sort of guardian deities—just in case Buddha really had something.

So, many of the priceless relics were carted away and posted outside native huts for all-night vigil against disease.

The legend spread that the statues of Buddha kept marriage happy, prevented a husband from casting a restless eye on a comely village maiden, and were conducive to production of a large family. So, gradually the statues began to disappear and when too heavy they were decapitated or bereft of an arm or a leg.

Soon foreigners became interested—and a lively trade developed in the historic riches of the ages. The temple was defiled and many of its works left armless and headless.

In the mid-20's the Dutch Government realized what was going on and stopped the desecration. But the Dutch in 1942 lost the power to stop the Japs.

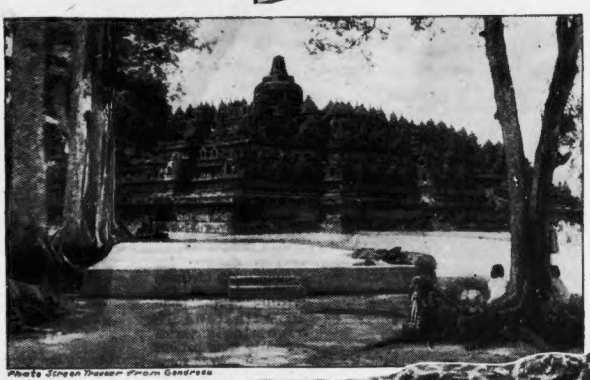
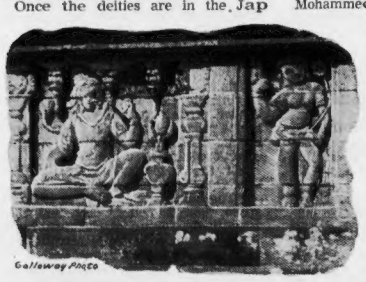


Photo Screen Traveler from Gendreau

Strange, Mysterious Boro Budur — the Thousand-Year-Old "Temple of a Million Buddhas."

The Doll-Like Little Javanese Temple Dancers Are Now at the Mercy of Jap Invaders.



Galloway Photo

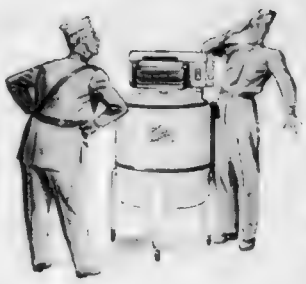
Sculptured Friezes Revealed by Excavation of the Ruins of the Mound.

Every day is Monday for the THOR down here!

You should have heard the cheers when a Thor Washer arrived in camp! Even the colonel came around to watch. We had been washing our clothes any way we could—in creeks or streams or in metal wash tubs—and we never dreamed of a washing machine.

The boys line up early for their turn, and there's a lineup all day every day. This is duck soup for us because you can believe that clothes get pretty dirty around here! So every day is Monday for the Thor.

Of course, you know that the only Thors that can be made these days are made for the Army and Navy, going to distant camps and outposts to the surprise and delight of the boys in service. Naturally it isn't possible to send Thors everywhere, for every unit—but wherever it *is* possible and shipping space can be spared, a Thor is likely to be on its way.



It didn't require a war to prove the value, the sturdiness, the dependability of the Thor. Millions of women, since way back in 1906, have blessed the very name of Thor. A Thor not only saves them from the drudgery of washday . . . but gives them cleaner, sweeter clothes.

There'll be a Thor for you after the war. And if your boy was one of the lucky ones who used a Thor at camp, he'll show you how *he* washed clothes in some far-away spot that was one of the stepping stones to Victory!

* * *

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION
Electric Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago
Plants in Chicago and Bloomington, Illinois; Toronto, Canada; London, England

The famous THOR WASHER that has made wash day a happy day for millions of women!

Ask your Thor Dealer to let you sign his Thor Priority Register for one of the first Thors when civilian production is resumed.

Here under wraps . . . is the grandest THOR Washer of all . . . to be ready for you after the war!

Thor

The THOR GLADIRON . . . women said it couldn't be improved . . . but wait and see!

When His Guests Failed to Appreciate His Hospitality, Dr. Petiot Occasionally Was Forced to Give Them a Preliminary Treatment in His Cellar Before Watching Their Death Agonies Through a Periscope in the Torture Chamber at 21 Rue Lesueur.

ALGIERS.

IS IT true that vampires, werewolves, Bluebeards and other demoniacal mass murderers prowl on the heels of war? The American Weekly asked the question less than a year ago, after psychological stresses bred of a blood-lusting world had sent an American soldier in Australia and an R.A.F. pilot in England into homicidal frenzies that cost a dozen women their lives.

It remained for an obscure Paris physician, a seemingly respectable, home-loving man with a wife and a 17-year-old son, to demonstrate that the current conflict could produce a rival to any arch-fiend spawned by the wars of the past.

For callous disregard of human life, for delight in torture and suffering, for macabre ingenuity in devising means to savor each crime to the fullest, the Spider of Rue Lesueur owes nothing to Gilles de Rais, the 800-victim slaughterer produced by the Burgundian wars of the 15th century; to Burke and Hare, the Irish ghouls who scavenged cemeteries in the Napoleonic era; to Jack the Ripper, an English by-product of the American Civil War; to Fritz Haarmann, the Butcher of Hanover, or to Henri Desiree Landau, the love-and-kisses killer of Paris, both outgrowths of World War I.

In some respects, they all could have taken lessons from Dr. Marcel Petiot.

Dr. Petiot started his medical career in Villeneuve Sur Yonne, a village 70 miles southeast of Paris. He built up a lucrative practice, married the daughter of a near-by farmer, was elected mayor.

Not long after he took office, however, shortages were discovered in the town funds. The doctor proclaimed his innocence with true Gallic vehemence but he was ousted, so he took his wife and son to Paris.

One afternoon in 1931 a gendarme dropped in at Dr. Petiot's combined office and home in the Rue Caumartin.

"A thousand pardons for the intrusion, Doctor," he said politely, "but one of your patients has disappeared and the inspector has ordered me to check up on her."

Dr. Petiot answered the questions glibly, but the police were not convinced. The doctor was arrested and charged with "inciting to murder," but later the case was dropped.

Again Dr. Petiot's practice fell off. This time, however, he didn't move. During the day he maintained a Dr. Jekyll respectability and the patients who came to his office received efficient care.

The nights were different. The daytime Dr. Petiot was a Mr. Hyde when he answered the door to admit furtive characters from the Paris underworld. There were conversations in low tones.

"How much do you need?"

"Six packages will be enough for tonight, Doc, but I'll want a dozen on Tuesday . . ."

Over the years the doctor established a highly profitable traffic in narcotics. At first it was only the peddlers who visited him. Then some of the addicts learned his address and called whenever they needed a sniff or a shot in the arm. More and more of them came. The neighbors talked.

Two years ago Dr. Petiot dropped in at the office of a real estate broker.

"I'm looking for a villa in a quiet street," he said, "something secluded, where I can be by myself. Never mind my name. If I find the right place I'll pay cash."

"I think I have just what you want at 21 Rue Lesueur," the broker assured him.

It was. Dr. Petiot bought it on the spot. He brought in a crew of workmen who built a 12-foot wall around the house. After they were through, the doctor installed a few devices of his own.

WHAT went on behind that wall during the next 24 months was a secret shared only by the doctor and his unfortunate guests. But after examining the interior, the police had little difficulty in envisioning how the Spider treated his flies. The French and German radios were explicit in detailing what the gendarmerie decided had happened.

They reasoned that the first of the 30 or more who made a one-way trip to 21 Rue Lesueur was a woman, as most of them were. She called at the office in Rue Caumartin.

"I thought I told you not to come here again," Dr. Petiot reminded her.

"I know you did, Doctor," she admitted, "but I must have some of the stuff right away."

"Ah, yes, my dear," the doctor interrupted. "I know how you feel and I'm happy to take care of you. But not here. You must tell your friends you are going away on a visit. I have a new place where you can come and spend several days. You can have anything you want. The number is 21 Rue Lesueur, near the Bois de Boulogne and the Boulevard des Grandes Armees and not far from the Arc de Triomphe. Come tonight at 8 -alone."

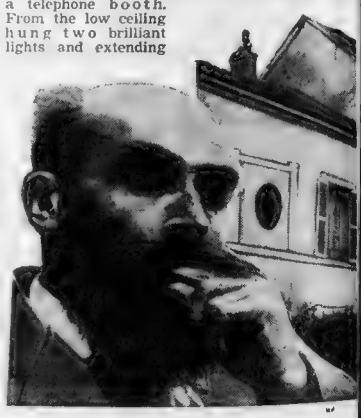
She arrived promptly, a fluttering, tarnished butterfly, frantic for surcease from the craving that rasped at every nerve. Her host ushered her into a small, plainly-furnished chamber that bore the stamp of a doctor's waiting room.

"Take your coat off and sit down, Cherie," he urged. "I'll get a needle ready and we'll fix you up in no time. You'll feel like a different woman."

There was a brittle gleam in the eyes of the graying, 45-year-old physician as he prepared the hypodermic. Deftly he jabbed the point into the outstretched arm and pushed the plunger.

The lady sat back in her chair with a sigh of relief, waiting for the drug to take effect. And it did, but not at all as she expected. While Dr. Petiot watched with a glint of anticipation, she stiffened convulsively.

"Here, let me help you," the doctor offered. He lifted her to her feet and, half pushing and half dragging, led her toward a pair of stout oak doors at one end of the room. He swung the doors open and pushed his palsied guest into the recess. It was a cell-like compartment, not much bigger than a telephone booth. From the low ceiling hung two brilliant lights and extending



"DR. BLUEBEARD"

Newest War-Bred Monster of Paris

Like a Venomous Human Spider the Mysterious Physician Fed on the Dying Agony of His 30 Victims, and Turned the Sinister Villa on Rue Lesueur Into a House of Horror

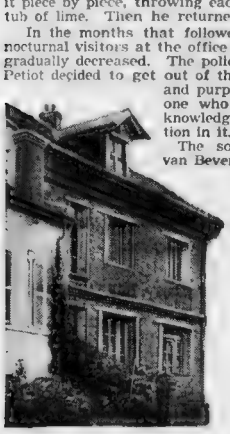
down between them was a tube with a lens in the end. Two metal rings, which opened like handcuffs, were fastened shoulder-high against a wall.

Dr. Petiot thrust the woman's biceps into the rings and snapped them shut. She hung there quivering and squirming, for all the world like a fly in a web or a fresh-caught specimen in an entomological collection. Her captor backed out, barred the doors and hurried to an adjoining room.

THERE he peered through an improvised periscope. Before him was an enlarged image of the face of his visitor. He watched intently while the lethal drug contorted her features into a kaleidoscopic mask of agony. For long minutes the magnified drama of doom was played for its solitary spectator. Then the doctor returned to the torture chamber.

He took down the body and carried it to an operating table. With scalpel and saw he dissected it piece by piece, throwing each fragment into a tub of lime. Then he returned home.

In the months that followed, the number of nocturnal visitors at the office in Rue Caumartin gradually decreased. The police believe that Dr. Petiot decided to get out of the narcotics traffic and purposed to kill everyone who might have any knowledge of his participation in it.



The Love and Kisses Killer, Henri Landru, and the House on Rue Pigalle Which Was the First Station on His Underground Railroad to Death.

The son of Jean Marc van Bever, French novelist, was a patient of Dr. Petiot. He informed his father that he was leaving for the Riviera on a short trip. He never did return.

A tailor's wife, also a Petiot patient, told her husband she was going to visit friends in southern France. Weeks later the tailor, Coast Cahib, asked Dr. Petiot about his wife's disappearance.

"She has probably run away with another man," the doctor suggested. "Women are like that. But don't worry about it. Why don't you take a trip to America at my expense?"

One afternoon in March the neighborhood theatre was showing a movie titled "The Murderer Lives in House No. 21." There was a touch of spring in the air, and Dr. Petiot's neighbors began to complain about vile-smelling smoke that had been pouring out of the villa's chimney for more than 24 hours. They called the gas company. A repair crew summoned the gendarmerie.

In House No. 21 the police found no murderer, but plenty of evidence that he had been at work. Parts of bodies were everywhere in the tub of lime, in the operating room, in the furnace room, in another lime pit in the courtyard and in a stove which was still red hot.

First reports were that the charnel house contained the remains of 21 women, 11 men and two youths, but a medical examiner said later there had been some duplication in the counting. He added, however, that several dissected bodies found in the Seine could have come from the villa.

The Spider had fled. Police, leaving the web the way they found it, set their own trap for him, but he did not return. After that the Nazi-controlled radios issued report after report—Dr. Petiot had been arrested; he had fled the country; his body was found in the River Yonne. None was confirmed. In London, the Free French speculated that the story might be a hoax, or perhaps Dr. Petiot was a member of the French Underground whom the Nazis wanted to capture.

Of all the war-born massacrers with whom the Spider of Rue Lesueur has historical kinship, his technique probably most resembles that of Bluebeard Landru. Like Dr. Petiot, Landru operated in Paris while the rest of the world concentrated on its own mass slaughter.

Most of his 16 victims were women, and most of them were killed in an isolated villa. Landru, although no doctor, was an accomplished anatomist and dissected most of those he destroyed.

BUT Landru killed for profit. Despite his almost repulsive appearance, this bald and bearded caricature of a Don Juan had a strange attraction for women. His diary, with a careful record of his unique profession, indicated that he had taken more than 3,000,000 francs from 200 women after seducing them.

There is no indication that Dr. Petiot was a dope addict, but Landru was his own best narcotics customer. He also used them to lure his victims. There was the case of Suzanne Bernard.

Of Suzanne, Landru wrote in his diary:

"The furniture in her apartment is valued at much. She has English money—the equivalent of 70,000 francs. She is deserving of close affection."

Suzanne was one of the few who spurned Landru's attentions. Piqued, the avaricious satyr tried his last card—he gave her dope and then gradually withheld the supply. Eventually she trod the path to Villa Tric and surrendered herself when Landru refused to accept her money.

Suzanne, like Bluebeard's wife in the fairy tale, wandered into a room she had been told to stay out of. In it she saw feminine clothing stained with blood. She took the next train to Paris.

Landru bided his time. He was sure that the craving for drugs would overcome her qualms. In a week she was back again, pleading. Landru filled his hypodermic and let her use it.

"But this—this is not morphine," Suzanne screamed as numbness spread through her body.

"You are right, my little head of cabbage," Landru agreed. "It is a poison for which only I have the antidote. I will save you—but only after you write me a check for 70,000 francs."

With trembling hands Suzanne wrote out the check. Landru watched her die.

Landru's crimes caught up with him in April 1919. He was arrested, tried and guillotined.

Fear of compulsory military training—a handmaiden of war—unsettled the mind of Eugene Weidmann, another mass killer. Fleeing Germany, he took refuge in Paris. When financial woes threatened to cause his deportation, he began killing for whatever small sum he might be able to steal. Six murders netted him only $400. One victim was Jean de Koven, a Brooklyn dancer who was working in Paris. The guillotine that took off Landru's head decapitated Weidmann in 1939.

Bluebeard Eugene Weidmann, Another Paris Mass Murderer, With Two of His Victims—Jean de Koven, American Dancer, and Arthur Frommer.

STRANGLED women—three within a few days horrified Melbourne while American troops were pouring into Australia to ward off a Japanese invasion. One night Private Edward Leonski, a New York City draftee, was challenged by a sentry as, plastered with yellow mud, he crawled under a fence into an Army base.

Chemists found that the mud was the same as that in which the last of the three women had been crudely buried. Before he was condemned to death by a court-martial, Leonski confessed.

"I wanted the voice in the throats," he explained.

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India's Prodigal Princes REFORMED Till It Hurt

Yadvinder Singh, the Maharajah of Patiala, Named Chairman of the Princely Propaganda Committee, Which Failed Because the Rulers Couldn't Get Along Without Their Dancers, Multiple Wives and Other Little Luxuries.

Nepal's Million Dollar Crown.

New Moral Codes and Modern Press Agents Seemed Steps in the Right Direction Until Royal Love-Rationing Brought Sound and Fury

THE fabulously rich princes of India have got themselves in hot water again. Alarmed by the unfavorable publicity they'd been getting because of their luxurious and self-indulgent ways of living, they decided not long ago they'd better reform before it was too late.

But they overshot the mark — reforming themselves till it hurt.

Oddly enough, the prince hurt worst by the reformation is Sir Pratap Sinha, the Maharajah of Baroda, who started out as one of the most enthusiastic reformers but now wishes he'd never got mixed up in the program at all.

All of this came out the other day when Sir Pratap up and took himself a second wife, thus brazenly breaking a law against polygamy which he himself had signed a few months ago as a part of the Indian princes' self-improvement plan to obtain favorable publicity.

In doing so, Sir Pratap argued that, being a law unto himself, a maharajah may do as he pleases, law or no law — and it was that high-handed contention that made the whole reform project backfire, bringing down on the pampered princes as much adverse criticism as any of the absurd, extravagant and sinful things they've been doing for years.

It was to counteract that very thing that the princes banded together and named a publicity committee. The Maharajah of Patiala, successor to the bloodiest tyrant who ever sat upon a throne of India, was appointed chairman. The organization functioned much like a local chamber of commerce, making the most of every good point, while at the same time trying to correct or tone down anything that caused criticism.

Where the People of Udaipur's Money Goes — Into Pearls on Their Maharajah

Barbaric Splendor of the Indian Princes Reached the Height of Something Or Other in This Carryall Which One Used for Week-End Jaunts.

Sir Pratap fell in with the plan at once by outlawing polygamy in his realm, a prosperous and happy land once ruled by his beloved father, the late Gaekwar of Baroda, who was content with one wife.

Then Sir Pratap turned around and took as his second bride the lissom Sitadevi of Pithapuram, daughter of the Maharajah of Pithapuram.

Bad reaction followed immediately. The people turned against their lord. Sir Pratap's second marriage aroused such indignation that the Maharajah of Pithapuram issued a proclamation denouncing his daughter.

The people were particularly angry because the Maharajah of Baroda posed as the most virtuous of India's 695 reigning princes when, in 1939, he inherited his father's $1,200,000 ruby-studded crown, his $2,000,000 diamond necklace, his 10,000 elephants and his annual income of $20,000,000.

A columnist at Lahore, India, suggested a way out for Sir Pratap. If pressure from the people became too severe, the writer pointed out, the potentate might follow the precedent of the late Maharajah of Patiala, who had his unwanted wives murdered.

The Maharajah of Patiala died in 1938 at the age of 46. But before he did he established himself as a dissolute despot who taxed and toiled his people to death.

He had dozens of wives and scores of children. Nobody knows how many of either, but at least 87 of his offspring were living in the palace grounds when he died. Twice a year he sent buyers to the slave mart at Luna, where they paid 50 pounds sterling apiece for girls of 12. He hired rogues, too, to search the realm for additions to his seraglio.

One of his vanities was his beard, and three hours a day were devoted to curling and anointing it. He had a dress of jewels worth $50,000,000.

He was as great a glutton as Henry VIII. He ate 50 pounds of food a day and, on state occasions, feasted far into the night with visiting rajahs. His food was served in an enormous gold container which he unlocked at table. One afternoon, while discussing business over tea, he consumed three whole roasted chickens at a sitting.

He stole other men's wives and ordered their death if they objected. He held women as captives when they refused to yield to his will and they died as prisoners or just plain disappeared.

Richest of all the Indian princes — but the stingiest — is the Nizam of Hyderabad. His fortune is reckoned at $1,000,000,000 or more - and he increases it by knitting socks, which he sells to his subjects at exorbitant prices.

The nizam's wives are not a matter of record, but they are sufficient to have produced at least 54 sons and, certainly, some daughters.

India's history is studded with princes who count their wealth by millions and their wives by the dozen. There's the Maharajah of Jaipur, who has a $50,000,000 palace and gold and jewels worth ten times as much. When he ascended to the throne he financed a $5,000,000 celebration that lasted a month. At 18 he married his first wife; at 20, his second, and today he's 30.

The Maharajah of Indore, with two wives, was forced to abdicate in 1925 because of a scandal that followed an attempt to kidnap his favorite nautch girl, Muntaz Begum. Soon afterward he took Nancy Miller, of Seattle, as his third wife. His son, who succeeded to the throne, followed his father's example and married an American Mrs. Marguerite Lawler Branyen, who nursed him in California. He divorced her last year.

Now that the good publicity idea has backfired because of the Maharajah of Baroda's double-cross, Indian Nationalists are determined to make something out of it. They see in the prince's flaunting of his own law a weapon to agitate for the overthrow of British domination, and they're looking for a way to use it.

"God Is MY Doctor"

The Real Story of Her Battle Against Infantile Paralysis

by Sister Elizabeth Kenny

Mary Stewart Kenny, the Ward Trained to Carry On the Work Sister Kenny So Bravely Began.

CHAPTER V

IT SEEMS odd to realize that hundreds of children who might be lying helpless in bed are leading happy, normal lives today because little Jeri fell off a plow early one morning on an isolated Australian farm. And yet it is true.

It happened in 1926. I was helping my mother prepare breakfast and listening to her cheerful chatter when the door was flung open and a young sharecropper burst into the kitchen. He was almost hysterical. His little sister, he said, had broken both legs and torn off two of her toes in an accident, and he begged me to come just as fast as I possibly could to his father's home.

He had a motorcycle with a side car. I threw on a coat and jumped into the sidecar, and we raced to the farmhouse, which was several miles away. Sylvia, the sister, was lying on a couch, numb from shock, with the rest of the distraught family gathered around her. An ambulance had already been summoned, and while we were waiting for it they explained what had happened to her.

Nor Are the Children She Has Saved From the Terrible Crippler Ungrateful.

Sylvia, who liked to ride on the farm machines, had persuaded her brother to let her sit with him on the eight horse plow while he worked on a neighbor's field. The ground was rough, and a sudden jolt had shaken Sylvia from her perch. She landed with both legs under the steel spokes of a wheel. The wheel had fractured both legs and the cutting edge of the plow had sheared two toes from the right foot. At the moment the child was too benumbed to feel any pain, but soon she would be in agony. We adjusted splints to her legs, bound up the injured foot and prepared her for the trip in the ambulance.

When it arrived, I saw that it had only a standard stretcher, and I was sure Sylvia's condition would be aggravated by the jolting she would receive on the 25-mile trip to the nearest hospital. I had previously given some thought to the comfort of ambulance passengers on our rough Australian roads, so I asked the ambulance driver to wait a few precious minutes while I rigged up a cot with an arrangement which would absorb much of the shock of the journey.

In a short time we were on our way, and I was happy to see Sylvia relax after a few miles and fall into a deep sleep. It was the best thing that could happen.

Seven miles from the hospital, as we were climbing a hill, a big car swept around a curve and plunged directly toward us. Our driver slammed on his brakes, but it was too late. The oncoming car struck us almost head on. Sylvia's father, who was in the front seat, was severely bruised and shaken. My right shoulder was strained, and the driver was thrown painfully against the wheel.

Our first thought, of course, was Sylvia. We all hurried to her side as soon as we could extricate ourselves. To our surprise and to my gratification, we found that she had suffered no ill effects from the collision, but had remained quite comfortable in almost the exact position on the stretcher that I had placed her when we left her home.

Fortunately, our car was able to complete the trip under its own power. Our destination was the private hospital of Dr. Thomas Maynard, an old and faithful friend of whom I want to say more later. After he had treated Sylvia, I told him what had occurred. He was so amazed at the almost miraculous way in which she had come through the mishap that he suggested I seek a patent for my stretcher.

I finally got the patent and found a manufacturer. The royalties from that invention, and from one other which I won't discuss here, have not only kept me going during many of the lean years but enabled me to finance a considerable portion of my work. If it had not been for that source of income, undoubtedly I would have had to give up the struggle long since and let the doctors follow their own archaic methods of treating infantile paralysis victims.

Royalties from the stretcher, for example, allowed me to set up my first clinic. It was in the port of Townsville, in Queensland. I had started to treat two or three patients there, and before I realized what was happening I had 17 on my hands. I took over a house and erected an awning in the backyard. Beneath it, on the dirt floor, I put a table and a zinc bathtub. I rigged up a fireplace and hung an old kerosene can above it to heat water for pieces of wool which I kept wrapped around the afflicted portions of my patients. My only assistants were the parents of my children.

It was a far cry from the splendid building in which the Elizabeth Kenny Institute is housed in the city of Minneapolis, but it was my own clinic, the first one, and I loved it.

Between that humble beginning and this partial realization of my dreams, there have been many difficult years when I was deeply grateful that I had to depend upon no one for my own needs or for the furtherance of my work. Sometimes I wonder if He to Whom I prayed that night when I encountered my first case of infantile paralysis, and He Who spared my life so many times when I had despaired of living, didn't also guide my hand when my inventions came into being.

God was my doctor. Perhaps He has been my financier as well.

But this year the patents expire. As you Americans put it, I will soon be on my own. What bothers me is that many of my charges will be on their own, too.

I confess I have a feeling of accomplishment, but there is an empty feeling, also. I remembered that day in December 1941, when the medical committee of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis met to review the accomplishments of the year. There some of the leading medical minds of the world agreed that the Kenny concept of the disease was correct and that the Kenny treatment should be approved.

The news went all over the world by telegraph, telephone and radio. That night the acceptance of the Kenny method was announced in a broadcast by Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation, and by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

It was my hour of victory. It was the climax of a thirty-year fight for recognition of the truth that I happened upon, by accident or Divine Guidance, in a hut in the Australian bush country. My farmhouse in the Australian bush country. My telephone kept ringing constantly. Calls came simultaneously from New York, Chicago and Minneapolis. Newspaper reporters began begging me for personal interviews and pictures. They wondered because I displayed no elation.

The Virus of Infantile Paralysis, Magnified 50,000 Times, Against Which Sister Kenny Is Battling and Winning.

But I was thinking of others who should be sharing in this triumph. I was thinking of my mother, for one. She taught me to pray. She taught me never to give up in the face of bitter disappointments. In a sense, the children I have made to walk again owe more to my mother, Mary Kenny, than to anyone else save God.

Two other persons, a man and a woman, helped me beyond measure. Only when my treatment is available to children everywhere will my debt to those two be paid.

One was Dr. McDonnell, from whom I learned the mysteries of the human body and the workings of the muscular system. I met him first when I was eight years old, when I broke my wrist—and he continued to be my staunch friend until his death.

It was he who persuaded me to be a nurse. I had my young heart set on being a missionary.

"A missionary must know nursing, Elizabeth," he told me. So I studied nursing and knew, eventually, that it was my life work.

But for him, I might have married and had children of my own. Oh, I thought of it. My early years weren't lacking in romance.

I remember a night when my nursing training was just beginning. A woman needed help three miles away, and I set out on foot to do what I could. I lost my way. It was found for me by a young stranger I encountered in the moonlight. That was Dan.

For three years, while I was in training, he was a frequent visitor. Then there was the day, after my graduation, when big, bronzed blue-eyed Dan called for me with a team of shining bays and a smart new buggy to take me to the fair grounds.

As I was about to step into the buggy, a boy on horseback brought me a note. A neighbor's wife was in premature labor and I was needed at once. I explain d, but Dan, who was sure a woman's place was in the home, for once was obdurate.

"You'll have to decide whether you are to be married to me or to your vocation," he insisted sternly.

Fighting back the tears, I went into the house to change into my uniform. After that, I never saw Dan again.

Recently Rosalind Russell, the screen star who will portray me in the motion picture "Elizabeth Kenny," asked me why I had never married. I told her it was because married women, in my day, were not permitted in Australia to do the work I felt I must do.

It was not quite as simple as that, however.

"The children of the world are yours," Dr. McDonnell told me when he realized that mine was the only treatment for the dread crippler of childhood. I made my choice and I have never regretted it.

Yes, it was Dr. McDonnell who first believed in me. It was he who urged me on in those bitter years when no one else would listen.

"The way before you is going to be hard," he told me long ago. "You are going to know heartbreak and humiliation. But if you have the courage to carry on, a great reward will be yours."

The woman to whom I owe so much is Mrs. Eleanor McKinnon, founder of the Junior Red Cross. She, too, believed, and she fought shoulder to shoulder with me. When I needed help or encouragement most, she gave it. And I was at her bedside when she died.

"All is well; the work has started," I said. Then she whispered:

"God bless you—carry on."

Those were her last words.

There have been others who made the battle easier—Dr. Wallace H. Cole of St. Paul, and Drs. Miland E. Knapp and John F. Pohl of Minneapolis; The American Weekly, which was the first nation-wide publication to recognize my treatment and inform the public of its worth; the citizens of Minneapolis, who established the Elizabeth Kenny Institute, my ward, Mary Stewart Kenny, who has been my close companion for years and who introduced my work in Canada and the Argentine.

I won't forget, either, the help of many American doctors who were courageous enough to admit being wrong after first condemning my methods.

Two books published by prominent medical men in 1940-41 contained uncomplimentary allusions to my work. One of the authors was the senior professor of physiotherapy in a world famous clinic. The other was assistant professor of orthopedic surgery in a distinguished medical school.

I asked the two of them to come to the clinic in Minneapolis and see for themselves what was being done. They both accepted. Later each of them made public a report on the progress of the Kenny system, although it flatly contradicted what they had said in their books.

Another doctor came to my classes on his return from a lecture tour in which he had made a special effort to discredit my work. He remained to be convinced, and then traversed the ground of his lecture tour, publicly retracting what he had said.

Once the ball started rolling, it moved on with unbelievable swiftness. Last spring I visited newly established centers in Memphis, Little Rock, New Orleans, Louisville, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Dallas. There is, of course, the Institute in Minneapolis and very recently a group of civic leaders and businessmen in New York City have offered to build another there.

But there is so much still to be done. It will take $150,000 next year to carry on the work—and not a penny of that for me. I do not know where the money is coming from, but I have faith. There is a map on my office wall with pins to indicate the spots where the Kenny treatment is available. That map must be one solid mass of pins before I can say to myself: "Your job is done. You can go home and rest." That time is not yet.

When I was young, I was a shy, retiring girl. That was the result of my upbringing. "He who angers you conquers you," my mother used to say. I am shy and retiring no longer. There have been many times during my battle for my children when I forgot her teaching and was angry.

There are those who say of me that I am stubborn and arrogant. Perhaps I am. So be it. I feel God gave me this work and I must do it.

The children of the world are my children. In the words of the prophet Isaiah, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk . . ."

It is worth being called lots of unkind names if I can hasten the day that prophecy will come true for all our little ones.

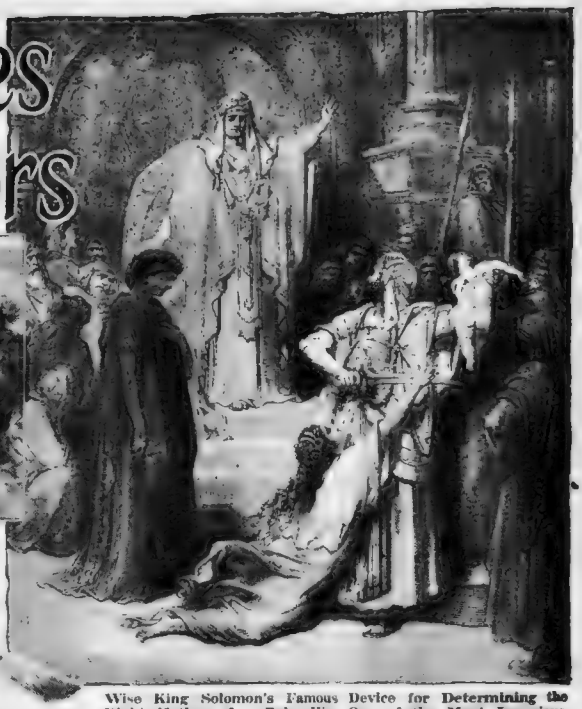
THE END

Skilled Therapists, All Over the Country, Now Are Able to Administer the Kenny Treatment —But More Workers Are Needed.

"My Reward Has Been, in the Words of the Prophet Isaiah, 'They Shall Mount Up With Wings As Eagles; They Shall Run and Not Be Weary, and They Shall Walk.'"

Even the Savages Have Lie-Detectors

The Jungle's Ordeal by Boiling Water—a Simple If Not Always Accurate Method of Determining Guilt or Innocence.



Wise King Solomon's Famous Device for Determining the Right Mother of a Baby Was One of the Most Ingenious and Original Lie-Detectors on Record.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Explorer and Author of "Jungle Ways," Etc.

WE'RE hearing a lot these days about lie-detectors. They were used on Alfred de Marigny when he was accused of the murder of Sir Harry Oakes, his father-in-law, in Nassau, Bahamas. Only recently they were used in Chicago on Miss Elizabeth Born and Mrs. Patricia Goodbody in an attempt to solve the mystery of the slaying of their mother, the beautiful Mrs. Frank Starr Williams.

More and more the oscillations of the man-made gadgets are being employed to explore the truth of a man's word, although the findings are inadmissible as evidence in most courts. People marvel at the doings of the mechanical devices to trap the untruthful. But they needn't.

Women Witch Doctors Often Administer the African Justice of the Cup.

History shows the lie-detector in some form or other—whether in a witch doctor's bag or an electrician's box—is as old as lying, and pretty nearly always catches the liar, if he's guiltily afraid of it and believes it may catch him. Similarly, by and large, it is pretty likely to absolve the innocent.

I've seen some beautiful cases of "lie-detector justice" in trials among primitive tribes and savages. One, some years ago in Africa, was a murder trial in which the tribes knew from material evidence that one of two sons, or both, had made away with their own father to inherit his gear and cattle.

The tribe was Yafouba, at Dananae, on the Cavally river. I was living among them under the protection of a young sorceress named Wamba and her old uncle, head witch-doctor of the tribe. In fact, I was a member of the household, trusted with their secrets, and permitted even to see them prepare the lie-detector on the morning of the trial. They did it by brewing the inner bark of the bois rouge tree, sequoia sempervirens, the equatorial cousin of our own California redwoods.

To the booming of drums, the two youths, bound, were brought to the forest clearing where the crowd had gathered, and where they were arraigned by the tribal chief, San De.

Soon Wamba, handsome in her ostrich *feathers and* priestess' robes, plus *all the* necklaces and bright-colored *beads* I'd given her, and her *uncle in his* fearsome witch doctor's mask, *arrived* with the "lie-detector" *in a calabash* bottle stoppered with *a corn* cob. Wamba also carried a *gourd* cup as added paraphernalia.

On their arrival, the crowd began to chant somberly. The two young men, upstanding savages in loincloths, were unbound. The witch doctor, invoking justice in the name of his gods and demons, addressed them:

"The blood of your murdered father is on one or both your heads. In a moment one or both of you will writhe in agony, confessing. But if either of you is innocent, no harm will come to him." The tribe watched.

The gourd cup was first scrubbed with sand, then thoroughly washed, under the tribal chief's inspection, so that there could be no question of poison for one prisoner and an innocent draught for the other. It was filled to the brim for each accused man, and they drank in turn.

For five minutes, amid tense silence, nothing happened. Then one of the brothers groaned, sagged, lay writhing on the ground, clutching his belly, gasping for breath. The other stood motionless, perspiring.

A great shout went up. San De bent over the fallen man, who cried out loudly: "My crime is upon me!"

San De motioned to the executioner, who drove a spear through the body of the confessed murderer.

I felt a little squeamish what with the heat, blood, noise and crowd, and didn't feel any better when Wamba, with one of her heathen-idol grins, said as we walked homeward through the peaceful forest: "You like to drink...most things...and you like to learn...When we get home I'll pour a cup for you."

I asked: "Will it harm me?"

She said, "How can it? You didn't murder the old man."

I trusted her and drank some. It was astringent as the juice of unripe persimmons. It puckered my mouth and throat. Soon I had a pain in my belly such as I hadn't had since eating green apples when a kid. I'm no hero. I told them so. Wamba only laughed. The old witch doctor smiled and said, "It is nothing, in a moment it will all pass."

I shuddered to think how it might not have passed if guilty fear had paralyzed the normal flow of my saliva and other gastric juices.

And there you have the whole psychology of the "lie-detector," whether in African jungle or a New York laboratory. If the witness is truthful, isn't afraid, his nerves, juices, vibrations should ripple and flow smoothly. If he's guilty, all these reflexes are likely to be upset.

The same applies to the oldest known lie-detector, the bowl of dry rice, used by Confucius, still used in Chinese hinterlands. The suspect is forced to hold some in his mouth. Incriminating questions are raised. Then he must spit the rice into a saucer. If normally moist with saliva, he is innocent. If dry, it means fear interfered with the flow of saliva and he's probably guilty.

But neither dry rice, witch doctor brews, psycho-galvanometers nor any other "lie-detector" is infallible. It can sometimes go wrong, seeming to condemn people who are innocent—and vice versa.

The most ingenious lie-detector in any court case, ancient or modern, as you may recall, was a naked, squalling baby. Two women claimed it. The evidence was so confusing that the judge decided to cut the baby in two and give each woman a half. The lie-detector worked. The liar was exposed. The rightful mother had her baby in one piece.

The judge's name was Solomon.

Today's Criminologists Use a Machine to Detect Falsehood, But the Confucian Bowl of Dry Rice (Right) Accomplished Much the Same End.

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Today, Chrysler Corporation produces large quantities of war equipment, including tanks, anti-aircraft guns, aircraft assemblies and engines, ammunition, army trucks, harbor tugs, gyro-compasses and other vital weapons. After Victory, we will again create products of high value for you.

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MEDICATED POWDER
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SIMPLE HEADACHE

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St. Joseph ASPIRIN

STOP—WEAR—RUST—SQUEAKS
Ever-Ready Oil 10¢

Read The American Weekly.

Dog Lovers deLuxe

PECULIARLY [illegible] are [illegible] Englishmen [illegible] Surgeon [illegible] C. H. Parsons and a lawyer, George Thomson both of whom pay a total of $7.50 a day in court fines to keep their pets alive. To date, the two men have shelled out $5,700.

Parsons, the owner of a 13-year-old greyhound, and Thomson, who possesses a chow, have come in for their heavy penalties for refusing to obey court orders to have their dogs — both ruled ugly-tempered and dangerous—destroyed.

Parsons has to plunk down $5 and Thomson $2.50 for every day that goes by that they refuse to comply with the demand from the bench. And if the London judges have their way, the doctor and lawyer are going to go right on paying their fines until the dogs are done away with.

As both men are determined to hang onto their pets, it looks as if they will have to keep paying until the animals die a natural death, or their owners can get a reversal of the legal decision. The latter, however, is unlikely.

PARSONS first tangled with the law in August 1941, when Sheffield magistrates ordered his greyhound, Bobbie, destroyed. The surgeon refused to obey the order. He charged that he had not been allowed to speak in the dog's defense, and that his pet "was condemned without a word being said on his behalf."

For a while, the court let the matter ride, and then fined the doctor $770—representing a penalty of $5 for every day that he had failed to carry out the order. Parsons refused to hand over the money. Then the bench ordered his arrest in default of payment.

Parsons sought to have the order vacated. He appealed to the King's Bench Divisional Court in London. The Lord Chief Justice sustained the magistrates' action, and the surgeon—to avoid a prison sentence—paid up. The way the matter now stands, the court can keep right on fining him.

"This is not a fight for one dog," Parsons recently told British reporters, "but for everybody's dog under a basic principle of justice."

A year has passed since his last fine, and the surgeon fully expects to be prosecuted again.

"IF THAT happens," the London man said, "I shall never surrender. Happily for me, a lot of dog-owners are backing me up."

Just as determined in his fight is Thomson—who recently was brought into Bromley Court and fined $2.50 a day for each of the 343 days he has refused to obey the court order.

The bench has indicated that the next time this daily fine might be raised to $5.

Thomson already has paid $2,310 apart from his day-to-day fines.

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—the only "COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder in the World

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness ...stays on for hours... never cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, department and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor ... today!

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In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

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OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
CLEANS 34 MORE BATHTUBS*
and does it
SAFELY AND QUICKLY

Cleans With Dissolving-Erasing Action

★By actual test in independent laboratories and in typical homes, Old Dutch cleans 34 more bathtubs per can than any other leading cleanser tested! Because grease is one of the most difficult cleaning problems, Old Dutch Cleanser contains a fast grease dissolver that quickly cuts grease. Then Seismotite erases the loosened dirt—easily—quickly—withoutscratching. That's why Old Dutch cleans so safely—with such lightning speed—and so economically, too.

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BUY THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER!

Dainty girls get dates—
guard your charm with Mum

Quick, dependable Mum
—prevents risk of
underarm odor

Men know it's nice to be near a girl who is always sweet ... dainty. So guard that irresistible charm. Always use Mum—every day—after every bath. Your daily bath takes care of yesterday—removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Let Mum help you *stay* dainty—use Mum every day!

MUM'S SO QUICK—Smooths on in half a minute—yet keeps you dainty for hours.

MUM'S GENTLE—Won't irritate your skin—even after underarm shaving. Mum's safe for fabrics.

MUM'S DEPENDABLE—Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. You can trust Mum!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

GET MUM TODAY!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

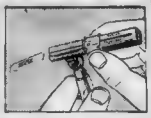
SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

Your Schick Injector Razor says and we quote: "I've been on the shelf long enough. You can put me back to work tomorrow morning! Schick Injector Blades are here again—in force!

'Nuff said? From now on, you and I can get together on some really smooth shaving!"

While we're still unable to get material for new razors—we're now supplying *all* military and civilian demands for the blades. So go right ahead and enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE



. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR

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DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

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SORE MUSCLES FEEL FINE

If your back is sore, your arms ache, and you feel bad all over, get a bottle of Sayman Liniment and massage some on gently. It helps to loosen "tight" muscles, relieve stiffness, ease pain due to over-exertion, exposure or fatigue. You'll say there's nothing better. 60c at any drug counter.

SAYMAN LINIMENT
Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

Nazis Can't Sink 'Em

TWO YEARS ago when German U-boats were knocking off Allied ships like ducks in a shooting gallery, a British marine engineer—52-year-old William Nelson—went to the Ministry of War Transport in London with an idea for licking submarines.

But he was nearly thrown out on his ear when he let it be known that his plan was an "unsinkable ship." It sounded like just another crackpot's dream to the powers-that-be.

Luckily enough, one officer did listen. Nelson, this man quickly discovered, was no screwball. The engineer knew his stuff. He had blueprints and he had plans to

Many a German U-Boat Captain Has Gone Into a Baffled Rage at the Ships That Just Won't Go to the Bottom.

show how ships could be made unsinkable. So the British lost no time in secretly equipping a few vessels with his apparatus.

Today there are hundreds of "unsinkable ships" on the high seas, and only recently did British officials let the world in on one of the best-kept secrets of this war.

Nelson's idea was so simple that many a maritime engineer has wondered why no one ever thought of it before.

COMPRESSED AIR does the trick. An air line is fitted the full length of the vessel, connected at either end to a compressor pump. If a ship is torpedoed, the compressor immediately forces air into the damaged compartments. The inrushing water is first checked and then forced out. The pumps maintain the necessary pressure for keeping out the water until the ship reaches port for repairs.

Since the Nelson equipment was installed, scores of vessels that ordinarily would have gone down to Davy Jones Locker have been able to limp back to port.

The British Admiralty and the Ministry of War Transport were completely sold on Nelson's idea when the first tanker equipped with the air lines was struck by three torpedoes on her trial voyage. Despite gaping holes in her side, this ship was able to sail 1,200 miles to a United States port.

The inventor of the apparatus, who spent 20 years as a seagoing tanker engineer, said he first hit upon the idea while doing ship salvage work.

Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song

• Pert little Jane Muriel Earle, age 5, lives in Jackson Heights, N. Y. She goes to Professional Children's School and hopes to go on the stage.

Mommy loves Rinso 'cause it GETS OUT MORE DIRT

WHEE! WHAT NICE THICK SUDS
YES, INDEED. RINSO'S SUDS ARE SOAPY-RICH AND SAFE AS CAN BE EVEN FOR YOUR PRETTIEST WASHABLE PRINTS

HERE'S WHY I WHISTLE RIN-SO WHITE! THESE TOWELS ARE WHITE AS SNOW— SOFT AND SWEET, TOO— THANKS TO RINSO
GOSH! AND THEY WERE SO AWFUL DIRTY BEFORE RINSO WASHED 'EM

AMOS 'N' ANDY say:

The Case of The Three Lethal Ladies

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

When the Mysterious Sisters' Guest Complained That the Cards Were Marked, Amy, Elizabeth and Cynthia Cast Off Their Demure Role and Proceeded to Dispose of Him in a Manner That Made Barbary Coast History.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

THE Barbary Coast had never seen any young ladies quite like the Misses Amy, Elizabeth and Cynthia who arrived by the good ship Independence on July 23, 1853, and registered at a leading hotel as the Sisters Wilson.

San Francisco was still a frontier town, and these girls, gowned as New York fashion plates, created a stir.

"By heavens," exclaimed a young man by the name of Moreland, "I have seen many a fair flower, but none like these."

Moreland made this remark to his friend Waffle when they saw the girls pass through the lobby of the hotel. They wangled an introduction, thanks to the hotelkeeper, who smilingly arranged the matter.

On entering the young ladies' suite the two eager visitors beheld them at the table drinking champagne and playing whist. Amy, the eldest sister, politely invited the boys to sit down. Cynthia and Elizabeth, charming twins, poured the dew and shuffled the cards.

Chuckling, Moreland and Waffle joined the innocent game. But by midnight their chuckle had died out. They had lost $250,000. Their earnings of three years were gone. They left the girls—to commit suicide by throwing themselves in the river.

The ripple of the swirling water over their graves had hardly smoothed before a different customer in the hotel demanded an introduction to the Wilson sisters.

This gentleman was Lem Smith, a professional gambler, who bore the colorful title, Senor Costello. The girls were warned of this card shark, but everything seemed grist for their mill. So Senor Costello was invited to join the game.

Amy dealt the cards. No sooner had Costello picked up his hand, however, when he cried, gazing at the sisters:

"Listen, you witches! I can't be fooled. Those cards are marked!"

The three sisters went into action. Elizabeth ran to guard the door. Cynthia held the Senor. And Amy drove a dagger into his shoulder blades.

The girls hid the body behind the sofa and calmly proceeded in tidying up the room. Bright and early the next day, the sisters were packing and that afternoon they sailed on the packet Caroline. They were bound for New York City.

In those days there was no Panama Canal. When they reached the Isthmus they disembarked, and so they had to cross it by wagon-train. On the way they were ambushed by a gang of fierce renegades known as Denums.

They lost all their San Francisco loot, but when they reached New York in January 1854, they still had enough among them to engage a suite at the fashionable Astor House, where they registered under their real name of Halzlinger.

Soon they began to worry about finances. And conveniently they remembered their fairly well-to-do uncle, John Edmonds, who lived in Arkansas with his family. They wrote a letter to him asking him for money. Instead of the dough, however, a cordial invitation arrived asking them to come and live with him like his daughters.

Uncle Edmonds was to regret his open-handed generosity. The three sisters arrived in Elizabethtown, Ark., and didn't like much either the place or their uncle.

So, Amy, the most resourceful, began to plan. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to kill the uncle? For that matter, why not exterminate the entire Edmonds family, including the five children?

An Old Print of the Horrible Halzlingers.

"As their only living relatives," confided Amy to her sisters, "we'd inherit the estate," adding that she had noticed a can of chloroform in the uncle's study.

That very evening they decided to put their plan into effect. They retired early, waiting for their Uncle Edmonds, his wife, and the five children to go to bed.

When the family was fast asleep, the girls, in stocking feet, crept to their girl cousins' room. Dope-soaked handkerchiefs over their faces and a knife across their tiny throats—and all was over.

No more trouble were the two sleeping boys. Cynthia and Elizabeth then liquidated poor Mrs. Edmonds while Amy held anesthetic and knife at her sleeping uncle's nose and throat.

She was so engrossed in her gory work that she failed to hear a noise at the front door as she neatly cut her uncle's throat from ear to ear. She only wheeled at Cynthia's warning: "Somebody's coming!"

The front door crashed inward, the din of boots pounded up the stairs.

"There they are, Sheriff," someone shouted. "Took us near a year to trail 'em here, but they're the ones as signed into my San Francisco hotel, and calling themselves Wilson."

Horrified, the three girls found themselves facing a band of infuriated Californians.

It was no night to have these gentlemen arrive. Someone brought a lantern, and the Californians had a closer look. What they saw convinced them they had not been on the wrong track.

Something had to be done, and quickly, they decided, with those three terrible sisters!

Result was a murder trial that became a nation-wide sensation. Waffle, Moreland and Lem (the Senor) Smith sat as ghosts in the Arkansas courtroom along with the seven murdered members of the Edmonds family. Nor were these the girls' only victims.

As their story came out, other spectres arrived: their dead brother, Edmond Halzlinger; a Frenchman, Alphonse Belmira—and no one knew how many more.

The other series of murders is a story in itself. Let it be said only that all the other murders, like the ones mentioned, were the result of a queer pride and greed for money.

Even in their childhood the girls, born in Arkansas from a good Boston family, were headstrong and mean.

When their mother died the three girls were so hardened that they refused to attend her funeral. Father Halzlinger had to fetch them. At the services they didn't shed a tear, and Amy played the piano.

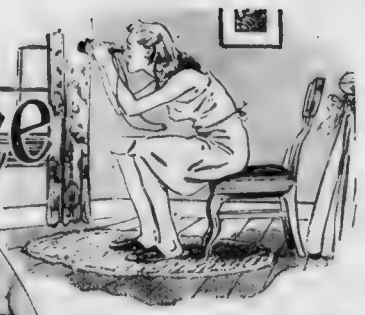
In rage, their wealthy father disinherited them. But by getting out of the way those who were to be the beneficiaries, the girls managed to inherit the father's money when he died. That started them on the wild career of murder.

Amy, facing the hangman on November 30, 1855, made a dying speech that began: "Pride is the rock upon which we were wrecked!" and lasted more than an hour.

Twice the sheriff tried to interrupt, but was threatened by the agitated crowd. But eventually the sisters came to their rope's end.

Laundry By Long Distance

A Resourceful Washington, D. C., Woman Has Her Scanties Done in a "Neighborhood Laundry" in Delhi, India.



Cleanliness Has Become a Privilege as Well as a Virtue and a Shirt May Travel Half Way Round the World to Solve the Wartime Washday Crisis

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
Noted Novelist and Short Story Writer

I'M getting my laundry done on time these days. I'm not telling where, but just as a hint, it goes by parcel post from New York to a husky lady named Lavinia Johnson in a certain little town in Florida.

That seems a long way to send laundry, but I have learned recently that I'm just one of many harassed city dwellers who are having their washing done by long distance.

Once upon a time, before the help and fuel shortage became acute, I handed my laundry over each Monday to an eager, alert young man who said, "Thank you, ma'am" and seemed actually delighted to get it.

The following Friday, without fail, it would be back, white as snow, flawlessly ironed, with every button in place and every rent repaired.

Then came the great change. First to vanish was my friendly laundry driver. By now, I imagine, he is an efficient and cheerful veteran on one of our fighting fronts.

Next, my laundry began to come back three or four days late. Buttons no longer were mysteriously replaced. Rips were no longer repaired. And instead of being a radiant white, the flat work began to take on a dismal, melancholy, gray appearance.

One week, to cap the climax, my things didn't come back at all, and it took a personal trip to the wilds of upper Manhattan to retrieve it.

In this crisis, I bethought myself of Lavinia, who had been my prized laundress during the years that I did my writing in Florida. An old address book—how lucky I've never learned to throw them away!—supplied her house number.

Our former relationship was duly resumed, via U. S. mail, and since then I've been able to smile indulgently when my friends wail about their laundry woes.

However, from various reliable sources, such as parcel post men, and even from laundry people, I have learned that quite a few other persons have stumbled on my solution of a critical and intimate problem.

Perhaps the prize long-distance laundry story was told me by the pretty bride of a pilot for one of the commercial airlines.

This resourceful young woman lives in our national capital, but she has her washing done in, if you please, India.

What is more, it takes her only two weeks, on an average, to send it and get it back.

Precisely how it is managed, I don't know, but I can vouch for the authenticity of the tale, because I saw the stamped and addressed laundry wrapper, bearing a Delhi postmark.

Two of my friends who used to live in Honolulu now have their lighter wash done by the same laundress who did it in the islands. It travels back and forth to Hawaii by Clipper. It's rather expensive, of course, but everything is perfectly finished, and these friends seem to think it is worth the extreme cost.

Today Many a Disillusioned Laundry Owner, Without Adequate Help, Doubts If "It'll All Come Out in the Wash."

The Laundry Bug (Bacillus Dustus) Is Absolved From Blame.

A parcels post clerk told me he has one customer who sends her laundry regularly to Minneapolis and another who sends it to Memphis.

Judy Garland put the reverse English on this during a recent tour of USO camps. She sent her laundry back to a trusted Hollywood retainer, who duly mailed it to the next place on her itinerary. Incidentally, wives who have followed their husbands to army camps perhaps seem to have the worst time with laundry. Either they do it themselves, or they have to send it back to the home town.

As far as that goes, a lot of American housewives are learning these days that the old system of doing the washing at home isn't such a bad one.

Not that leaning over a washboard is fun. In fact, it has always struck me as being about the hardest work home women are called on to do. But there's one thing about it—you know you'll get your laundry back, and that it will be fit to wear.

The laundries aren't to blame for all the trouble, of course. In fact, under normal conditions, American laundries have been about the best, and certainly the most reliable, in the world. Still, what can a laundry owner do when most of his workers go into high-paying war industries?

Then, too, there is the fact that 5,000,000 women, many of whom normally do their own laundry, are now working at war jobs. Naturally, they don't have time or energy to do the family washing, too. So their bundles are added to those that are already taxing the facilities of the nation's big wash-plants.

Perhaps my prize laundry story concerns a handsome, prominent actor who is appearing in one of the current Broadway sell-outs.

This gift to womanhood is famous for always looking as though he'd just emerged from the hands of his valet. He changes his shirts three or four times a day, and would regard it as a tragedy if he were ever caught with wilted collar.

He suffered horribly when the laundry crisis hit. For a while, he solved matters by buying new shirts prodigally. But, presently he found he was practically supporting a couple of haberdashers.

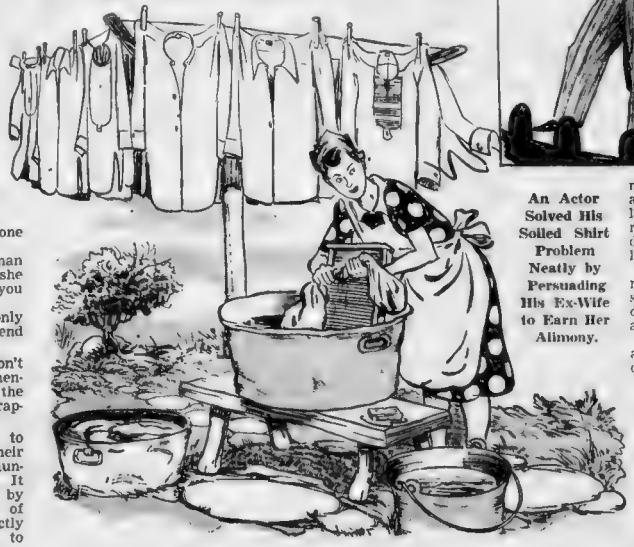
Then, one night, he had an inspiration. His wife, from whom he had been estranged for years, had been a notable lady with a washboard and an iron. In fact, her deftness in the laundry department had contributed no little to his early success, in the days when his shirt supply was limited, even if he was broke.

So what does our hero do? You're right. He penned a "for-old-time's sake" to the little woman, telling her of his fix, and reminding her of the alimony he's paid her.

And, being a good sport—as well as, no doubt, still in love with the dope—she is now doing his laundry, just as in the days when they were starting out together.

He sends it to her by mail at her home in Iowa, and she sends it back on time ready for his stalwart frame.

Maybe it will end up in a renewal of the romance—who knows? Certainly, it's a good example of one way to solve the problem of the day.



An Actor Solved His Soiled Shirt Problem Neatly by Persuading His Ex-Wife to Earn Her Alimony.

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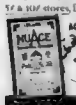


NUAGE IS THE ONLY CORNER EMBOSSED FOR RICH APPEARANCE

ASK FOR NAME NUAGE AT PACKAGE

He's Not So Dumb

WHILE crossing a street in the English town of Nottingham the other day, Frederick Charles Frith, a 66-year-old pensioner, was struck by an automobile.

Pedestrians, who helped the old man to his feet, thought he had suffered a head injury because he kept saying over and over "thank you, thank you."

When an interne arrived with an ambulance, he whisked Frith, who was still mumbling like a cracked phonograph record, off to the hospital. Treating the elderly man for shock, the doctor discovered that he had not been knocked cuckoo. He was just afraid to stop talking because the accident, by some miracle, had restored his voice which he had lost some 27 years before in World War I.

After he had been given sedatives and had quieted down, Frith told his amazing story. Not since 1917, when a German shell blew him into a treetop and robbed him of both his voice and his hearing, had he uttered a single sound.

THE MEDICAL men who have examined the one-time deaf and dumb man believe that his ability to talk and hear has been permanently restored. Several weeks have passed since the accident, and there is no sign that he is slipping back. But the old pensioner, who spends all his waking hours talking, isn't taking any chances.

"I've got to keep going," he told reporters the other day at his Leeds home. "I feel I can't get enough practice in case it goes again. I'm like a child learning. I can think of the words, but it's an effort to get them out."

The one thing that bothers the voluble, the eloquent, and the loquacious Mr. Frith is that his voice isn't the same one that he knew as a younger man.

"It's changed," he commented. "Not young and clear like it used to be."

BUT it works, and after 27 years of silence, Frith says one thing makes him particularly happy. Now he can discuss the war with his cronies.

"I've been wanting to talk about the war for so long," he said. "All this time my conversation's been with pencil and paper. No one will chat with pencil and paper."

Now that both these faculties have been restored, Mr. Frith joyfully looks forward to being useful to his country in some kind of defense work.

92 on Her 22nd Birthday

MRS. JULIA G. BERNHEIMER of New York City has lived a full generation past the Biblical "threescore years and ten"—but it was only recently that she celebrated her 22nd birthday.

At the advanced age of 92 she probably is the oldest "leap year baby" in the country, and perhaps in the whole world. She remembers four wars in which Americans have fought—because she was a bright youngster of nine when the Confederates fired on Fort Sumter.

If anyone thinks Mrs. Bernheimer—who was born on February 29, 1852—should have celebrated 23 birthdays, they just don't know that 1900 was not a leap year, even though it is divisible by four. To make the calendar jibe with the rotation of the earth around the sun, it is necessary to make a non-leap year out of three out of every four years ending in a double zero. February will have 29 days in the year 2000, but not in 2100.

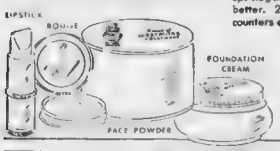
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

PEGGY O'NEILL starring in "SONG of the OPEN ROAD"
A Charles R. Rogers Production
Released thru United Artists

Wally Westmore, Famous Hollywood Make-up Artist

The Westmores — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.

House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.



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If they suited you so well then

(When your throat was raw)

Don't be the "dummy"...why not smoke 'em all the time?

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS -for good!

You can't do a MAN-SIZE job on a bird-size breakfast

1 **Modom . . . sir . . . friend . . . what did you eat"for breakfast this morning? If it was just the usual sip-and-run affair, listen, *please* . . .**

2 **You went** all last night without food. Your energy is, naturally, low. You've got a full day's work ahead. But you can't do your best work on a dissatisfied stomach.

3 **That's why** breakfast is so all-fired important to you. It's the stoke-up meal. An energy-restoring meal.

Doctors and dietitians agree that at least *one quarter of your entire day's nourishment should come from breakfast!*

4 **What does** all this add up to? Just one thing! Start your day well-nourished . . . with Grape-Nuts—that "gee-I-feel-like-a-kid-again" cereal! Every malty-rich bite jam-packed with whole-grain nourishment—the kind Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods Program recommends. (P.S. Grape-Nuts have Vitamin B_1, too!)

5 **Get a box** of malty-rich Grape-Nuts today. Pour out a bowlful . . . add your favorite fruit, milk or cream a sprinkle of sugar . . . and dive in for the breakfast dish of your life!

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

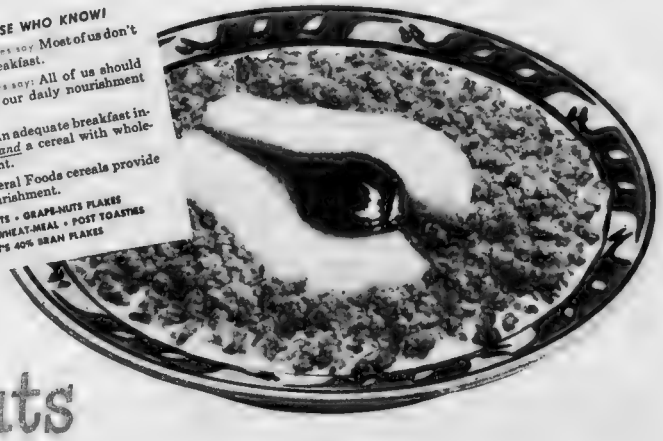
Government nutritionists say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES



Grape-Nuts

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

We'll always have this to remember

We had such a short time together, dear. You sailed just a week after our wedding.

But nothing can take those days from us.

You said such lovely things. "How a girl's hands can be so soft," you whispered.

I'll never forget my happy pride. Because my hands do hard work that steals away nature's softeners from the skin. But I faithfully use Jergens Lotion, and Jergens helps keep my hands soft. "Adorably soft," you said, dear.

You have very special hand care with Jergens Lotion; the same as most Hollywood Stars use. The Stars prefer Jergens Lotion to any other hand care, 7 to 1. Two ingredients in Jergens have such remarkable softening and smoothing effect on rough skin that many doctors prescribe them. Couldn't be easier! Jergens leaves no sticky feeling. So—use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Cottons for Kids

An Everfast Poplin Frock. At the Right, Six-Year-Old Margaret O'Brien, Star of MGM's "Lost Angel," Wears a Simple Cotton Dress, With White Pique Hat and Bag.

SHEER cotton lawns have always been popular for children's clothes, and this summer there is no shortage of this easily-laundered fabric. In recent showings of little girls' frocks one pretty dark-haired child wore a two-piece dress, the three-tiered skirt made of striped lawn, the stripes running around, and put together with rickrack. Her white lawn blouse was made peasant-style and trimmed with colorful peasant embroidery.

Every kind of white pique dress, play suit, hat and accessory little girls might need in the coming warm days was shown. Many of the hats were similar to the one worn by Margaret O'Brien (in the picture at the right above). It opens out into one flat piece, easy to wash and iron. The same little California girl has a favorite playtime dress made of pink chambray dotted with rosebuds, the full gathered skirt of three tiers, again, put together with cotton insertion and a narrow embroidery ruffle.

Small Smocks

WOMEN who sew for various overseas groups of children have been making black cotton smocks by the hundreds for French youngsters. And suddenly these practical and becoming little garments have been adopted by Americans for their own children. One smock seen recently was made of black sateen livened up with hand-painted story book motifs, colored piping on the collar and around the cuffs and bottom of the smock.

Printed and plain balloon cloth is on the market this spring, a release from Army needs. It has been printed for civilian use in dainty floral designs, polka dots and many other patterns. Also clear bright colors and pastels are available in this cotton fabric. It is a favorite for play clothes.

The new line of everfast cottons, sturdy but feminine in colors and detail, are both wearable and washable and specially popular for children. Necklines in these little dresses have drawstrings, ties, or bows.

It's wise

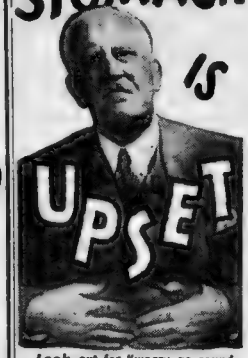
for a man to guard himself against the embarrassment of dandruff. Easy, too. You can get rid of loose dandruff ...keep your hair under well-groomed control ...simply by massaging a couple of minutes a day with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At all drug stores and barber shops

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET



Look out for "worry-go-round stomach"... distress after meals, nervous indigestion, gas pains—perhaps simple diarrhea! When you feel these symptoms, go easy ... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls ... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *Get a bottle today!* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of Unguentine — Norwich

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BLEMISHES

Try Cuticura for the prompt relief of externally caused pimples. Cuticura promptly helps soften tips of

BLACKHEADS

for easy removal. Used by many nurses, some hospitals. Buy today at your nearest druggist! For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-36, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA

SOAP and OINTMENT

Save Fingers

with Steel-Grip Finger Guards

Hundreds of factories are saving time and injuries in war production, by protecting workers with Steel-Grip Finger Guards. Used for handling rough or sharp articles, for buffing, grinding, sanding, polishing, punch press work and hundreds of other jobs. Protect fingers or thumb, front or back, from cuts, abrasions or blisters. Made of durable leather with elastic web back for easy, cool, comfortable fit. Easy on and off. One size fits all men or women. Send 10c each for samples or trial order box of 50 at $3.50 each, less 10%.

Catalog of Steel-Grip Safety Apparel Free on Request

INDUSTRIAL GLOVES COMPANY
Famous Industrial Safeguards Since 1918 — 662 Garfield, Danville, Illinois (In Canada, Safety Supply Co., Toronto)

SAFE!

for your precious fountain pen!

Carter's Ink has 9 "dyes"

Washable Blue—for children, hospitals, etc.

Tulip Purple—adds charm to your letters.

Forest Green—it's easy on the eye.

Hunting Red—fine for contrast and ledgers.

Beaver Brown—new shade by Carter's.

Raven Black—insures fine reproduction.

American Blue—popular everywhere.

Midnight Blue-Black—best all-purpose ink.

CARTER'S INK is non-corrosive—gentle as a kitten to your fountain pen. Laboratory tests prove it the safest ink you can use in fountain pens—or with steel pens.

Carter's dries fast—just a few words behind your pen. It's deep-toned—the kittens show you the variety of colors. Smooth-flowing, too, from the instant your pen touches the paper.

Remember Carter's kittens when you buy fountain pen ink.

CARTER'S INK

Finest for Fountain Pens

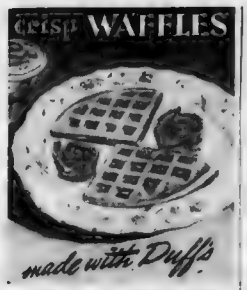
THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Ask for Carter's—the ink that's set the pace for 86 years.

Personalize your writing by choosing the color that suits you best.

Carter's Oval Bottle—15¢ 9 colors, 4 V-....-Mail Inks. For Office Use: Carter's Fountain Pen Inks in gallons, quarts, pints, 25¢ size.

Carter's Cube Bottle—10¢ 9 colors—this is Midnight Black, one of Carter's 4 V-....-Mail Cubes. Carter's Cubes are America's most popular 10¢ inks.



SERVE with BACON CURLS and tangy orange marmalade

Just one of many delicious waffle combinations quick and easy to serve when you make your waffles the modern way with Duff's!

IODENT SAFELY REMOVES

Choice of two textures—safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist, Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

which IODENT do you choose?

Help Youngsters GROW STRONG VIGOROUS HUSKY! with

GOOD-TASTING TONIC

Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains *natural* A and D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Give good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

A Chicken Dinner That's Different

A Casserole of Chicken Mexicana. For Her Own Wardrobe Jinx Falkenburg Brought from Mexico a Native Costume in Red and White. The Little Mexican Girl, Julie Barrios, Wears a Duplicate in Blue. Jinx Plays Herself in the Columbia Picture, "Cover Girl."

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Author of
"Cook It in a Casserole"

MEXICAN millinery featured in the New York showings, Mexican fashions for the house shown by some of the country's biggest department stores, Mexican moving pictures coming up north to us, all bring something new into our North American way of life. When that newness fits into simple homemaking plans, doesn't throw our ration point budget off and gives us something different in flavor and good dining, it's time to try it on the family and friends.

Many of the native Mexican dishes are too hot or contain too many unusual ingredients for our kitchens. But here is a dish inspired by a famous chicken recipe known to every Mexican cook, and which can be made with the supplies our favorite grocers have on hand.

Chicken Mexicana

4-pound roasting chicken
4 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons fortified margarine
1 large stalk celery
1 large onion
1 apple
1 cucumber (if available)
1 cup tomatoes
½ cup seedless raisins

Cut the chicken into serving-size pieces. Mix the flour, chili powder and salt. Roll the chicken in this, then brown it in the melted margarine in a heavy frying pan. Transfer the chicken to a roasting pan or large baking dish; add one cup water; cover the dish and put it in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) to bake.

Cut the celery, both stalk and leaves, very fine; add the onion, apple and cucumber finely chopped. Put these in the frying pan with the drippings from the chicken. Add the tomatoes and one cup water. Simmer these until all are tender. Pour this over the chicken in the baking dish, cover the dish again and let the chicken continue to bake, allowing two hours in all, or until the chicken is tender. About 15 minutes before the chicken is to be served, add the raisins, leave the cover off so the chicken browns thoroughly. This serves six.

Brown Rice and Peppers

1 pound brown rice
2 tablespoons fortified margarine
1 8-ounce can mushrooms
1 green pepper
1 bouillon cube
1 teaspoon salt

Wash the rice thoroughly. Melt the margarine in a heavy frying pan and add the rice. Stir until the rice is browned. Add the mushrooms and mushroom liquor, the green pepper sliced or cut into rings, and two cups of hot water with the bouillon cube dissolved in it. Add salt. Cover the pan and let this cook over low heat until the rice is tender and all liquid is evaporated. Stir occasionally while cooking. Serve with the chicken. Six servings.

A Cooling Dessert

For a cooling dessert to go with this spicy chicken, try this mixture of rhubarb, strawberries and tapioca:

1 cup cooked rhubarb (unsweetened)
1 cup sliced strawberries
2 tablespoons fortified margarine
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
½ cup water
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Put the fruits, margarine, sugar and tapioca into a large stew pan. Heat gently and cook it slowly, stirring carefully, until the tapioca is quite clear. Add extra sugar if it is too tart. Fold in the egg whites. Let chill. Serve in dessert glasses with custard sauce. This makes four to six servings.

The Sauce

2 tablespoons sugar
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon cornstarch or flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the sugar and cornstarch with the beaten egg yolks, add the salt and the milk and cook in the upper part of a double boiler, over hot water, until the custard coats the stirring spoon. Add the vanilla. Let chill.

Santa Clara Salad

The family will be enthusiastic about this colorful, flavorful molded salad, so good with the Mexican dinner. They'll profit by it nutritionally, too, for it contributes good vitamins.

1 package lemon-flavored gelatine
1½ cups hot water
½ cup chopped cooked prunes
1 cup shredded raw carrot
1 cup diced unpared red apple
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water; chill it until it begins to congeal. Meanwhile prepare the prunes, carrots and apples and add the lemon juice and salt. Fold this into the cooled gelatine and chill in one large or six to eight individual molds. Serve on lettuce, with French dressing or other favorite salad dressing.

Menu for Chicken Mexicana

Chicken Mexicana
Brown Rice and Mushrooms with Green Peppers
Green Salad or Sliced Orange,
Apple and Alligator Pear Salad, French Dressing
Cornbread Sticks or Crackers
Rhubarb, Strawberry Dessert
Coffee or Tea

New Books for Homemakers

SEA FOOD COOKERY by Lily Haxworth Wallace starts out with an excellent chart giving a list of the most commonly found fish in our markets, telling when they are available and the best cooking methods for each. It is really a complete handbook of fish cooking with practical suggestions of what to serve with each kind. Easy to follow recipes. (M. Barrows & Co., publisher; $2.00).

Home Decorating

"Decorating for You" by Florence B. Terhune tells you exactly what you can do with the furnishings you have, what you should look for in the furniture and accessories you wish to get. "Decorating for You" is a very practical guide that you can depend upon to answer your many questions about redecorating and refurnishing. It is a real textbook of furniture and decorating information for the home owner or future home owner. (M. Barrows and Co., $3.75)

Dehydration

"National Food Dehydration Cook Book" by Genevieve L. Fuller. Published and distributed by National Food Dehydration Cook Book Co., P. O. Box 99, Clearfield, Utah. (A papered-covered book for $1.) This pioneer book on modern methods of dehydration and storing of food until it is needed answers the average housekeeper's questions on food dehydration. Gives many all around recipes for these foods, recipes that have been tested and tried in the laboratories; also vitamin and mineral charts—*E. M.*

FOND OF PIE?

Send for the timely "17 Almanac Pie Recipes" Chart. This and other helpful charts such as "16 Favorite Cake Recipes" may be obtained by sending a three-cent stamp for each chart you desire to

Almanac Recipes Dept.
The American Weekly,
959 Eighth Ave.,
New York City.

ANGELS OF THE A·E·F

Serving the tuna you couldn't buy... to wounded soldiers at overseas hospitals

"...no glamour, no glory nor medals... but these gallant American girls will always be heroines in our hearts," writes a "Serge" after his recovery at an overseas base.

OUR wounded heroes deserve the best... and they're getting it. Both the Army and the Navy are ordering large quantities of tuna... as "hospital rations" for overseas. Rich in concentrated food value ... delicate and delicious... containing Vitamins "A" and "D," these quality tunas are extremely valuable in hospital diets. So, if you occasionally have difficulty in getting these famous brands, remember that you are sharing them with "our boys" in some far-distant hospital base. We know you'd want *them* to come first!

Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

WHITE STAR TUNA

Chicken of the Sea TUNA

A Yummy-Good Pudding

THIS chocolate pudding is filling and unusually good; just right for a spring night's dinner. Bake it in a casserole to serve six, or in individual baking dishes.

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
3 cups milk
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1½ teaspoons vanilla
6 slices dry bread, cut in one-half inch cubes
2 egg whites
4 tablespoons granulated sugar

Add the chocolate to the milk in the upper part of a double boiler. When the chocolate is melted, beat with a rotary (wheel) egg beater until blended. Add salt. Combine the brown sugar and egg yolks; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring vigorously. Add vanilla. Combine the bread and chocolate mixture and let it stand 10 to 15 minutes, stirring it occasionally. Turn it into a greased baking dish, set this in a pan of hot water, and bake it in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes or until almost set.

Beat the egg whites until foamy; add the granulated sugar, two tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until the sugar is blended. Then continue the beating until the mixture will stand in peaks. Pile this meringue lightly in mounds to form a border around the edge of the pudding. Sprinkle the meringue with shaved or grated chocolate and continue the baking eight minutes longer, or until the meringue is delicately browned. Serve warm or cold.

Crispy Pears

1 quart jar canned pear halves or No. 2½ can
1½ cups syrup from fruit
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon fortified margarine
Salt
Cereal flakes

Drain the pears and reserve the syrup. Roll each piece in crushed cereal flakes, then lay them in a greased pan and brown them in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Serve with sauce made from the other ingredients. Combine syrup, sugar, cornstarch, lemon juice and about one-eighth teaspoon of salt, and cook this over low heat until thickened. This is about ten minutes. Add the margarine and stir until it melts. Serve the sauce warm, over the pears. Allow two pear halves for each serving. (If the pears were canned in water, add one-fourth cup white sugar when making the sauce.)

Idea

HOLLOW out left-over small rolls, spread lightly on the inside with enriched margarine or meat drippings and toast in a slow oven. Fill to overflowing with tasty meat stew.

Squirt GIVES YOU GO!

Higher and higher America's taste swings to Squirt. Squirt's the grapefruit drink that gives you GO. Try it!

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SQUIRT GIVES PARTIES EXTRA GO!
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Squirt
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PATTERN 3684—Practical button-front shirtwaist. Sizes 12 to 20, 38 to 48. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3005—Combined embroidery and crochet chair set.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

INSIST on TINTEX— the only ALL-FABRIC dye at 10¢ a box!

(15¢ FOR THE LARGE SIZE)

Yes—*insist* on Tintex! For with Tintex you don't have to buy a dye in one box for certain fabrics and a dye in another box for other fabrics. You buy a *single* box that dyes *every* fabric! Comes in the *same* Gray Box you always bought—and at no increase in price, either! Over 50 fashion-right colors, 10¢ a box (15¢ for the large size)—at drug, department and 10¢ stores. Easy! Quick! Perfect! Buy largest-selling, ALL-FABRIC Tintex. It's America's *quality* Dye—used by millions of women!

OVER 50 SMART COLORS

Tintex All-fabric TINTS & DYES

PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

The American Weekly magazine is read in one out of every five families in the United States.

In these critical times

it's especially important to make your home *CLOROX-CLEAN*

...for Greater Health Protection!

Infection Dangers Spread Easily

Fewer Civilian Doctors and Nurses

America Must Keep Workers Healthy

HEALTH PROTECTION is more important today than ever due to reduced civilian medical facilities, and the need to keep America's workers on the job for Victory. These are added reasons why health authorities are urging housewives throughout the nation to maintain high standards of home sanitation. Clorox used in routine cleansing makes household "danger zones" hygienically clean.

WHY TAKE CHANCES!

"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

Your Kitchen can be one of the main sources of possible infection unless made hygienically clean. It's easy to combat kitchen germ dangers with Clorox... it disinfects, deodorizes and removes stains from dishes, glassware, tile, enamel, linoleum, wood surfaces. Clorox also bleaches and removes stains from dishcloths... makes them fresh-smelling, sanitary.

***In the* Bathroom** where millions of germs may cling to seemingly clean surfaces, Clorox-Cleanliness is important, too. Make it a regular habit to disinfect with Clorox in routine cleansing of washbasins, bathtubs, toilets, floors, tile, enamel and woodwork. And Clorox makes your bathroom spick-and-span ... for it removes stains and brightens surfaces.

And in Laundering, sanitation is vitally important as an added safeguard to health. Clorox used in laundering makes white and color-fast cottons and linens hygienically clean. It gently bleaches white cottons and linens (brightens fast colors), removes stains, scorch, mildew. Clorox also lessens rubbing, thus conserving your hard-to-replace linens.

Remember, when you buy Clorox, you get the same full strength, same high quality for your money, today as always. Clorox is ultra-refined, free from caustic ... an exclusive, patented quality-feature. Clorox is efficient and extra-gentle in use. Simply follow directions on label. There is only one Clorox, always ask for it by name.

America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant

CLOROX

FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS

Copr. 1944, Clorox Chemical Co.

Take Care of the Refrigerator

By ELEANOR MERRITT

YOUR icebox or refrigerator—it saves your food, preserves food, and is closely connected with the health and well-being of your whole family. So keep this important piece of home equipment clean, free of odors, and in the best working order. Save ice (in the ice type of refrigerator) by keeping the ice compartment well filled and the door tightly closed so the cold air circulates down through the food compartment.

Once a Week

Make sure all parts of this box are kept so clean odors cannot develop. Once each week remove the rack on which the ice rests, wash it in hot water with a little soda dissolved in it. Rinse it, wipe it dry and let it stand in the air and sun if possible. Wash out the ice compartment and the drainpipe. Rinse them and let them air, too.

In the automatic models, save electric current by being sure the door fits snugly and allows no warm air to creep in. Be sure the rubber guard around the door is in good condition and fits perfectly; and take care of this guard, for it is hard to replace. For any serious damage to this valuable piece of equipment call on the manufacturer's representatives. While repair men are few in number today, responsible companies pride themselves on helping their customers keep their equipment in good working order. You must do your part, however, and be more conscientious than in prewar days when supplies and service were plentiful.

Keep the Door Closed

Defrost the unit when the frost layer is one-fourth inch thick; when it becomes thicker the machine has to work harder and uses more current to keep the contents cool. If possible keep a small thermometer inside the box to check on the temperature; for general purposes this should stay between 40 and 50 degrees F.

Do not leave any refrigerator door open long at any time and avoid opening the box often; take several things out at one time, when you are starting meal preparation. Assemble everything near the refrigerator after a meal, which is to be put away in it, so these foods can be placed in the box and on the proper shelves without loss of time. Be sure foods are not hot, or even warm, when they go into the box; cover each dish and do not crowd them too closely together. The cold air should circulate around them.

Defrost Regularly

While defrosting goes on (or with the ice model, while the ice compartment airs) clean the shelves and all parts of the food compartments by washing them with hot water with a little baking soda in it, or with mild soap suds. Go over sides, back, inside of the doors, the bottom of the box. Pay especial attention to the shelves and ice trays. Scrub the shelves, rinse and dry them carefully. Empty the trays, rinse, refill with fresh water from the faucet just as the defrosting ends and freezing temperature begins again. Make sure that the entire interior is clean and dry and that the shelves are put back in their proper positions.

Keep the outside of the refrigerator as spotless as the interior. Rub over it with a clean damp cloth; use hot water and soap if grease or other dirt has accumulated, or stains, or spilled food has left a mark. Wipe this clean with a clean dry cloth. Then keep it this way by making sure that foods are clean before they are put away in it.

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

So diversified are the stories and articles in this and other issues of The American Weekly that there are few who cannot find something to interest them in each and every issue of this magazine.

MY SLIP IS JUST LIKE NEW AFTER 30 LUXINGS!

LUX care keeps undies lovely 3 times longer!

Pretty undies are so precious these days! Keep them wearing—keep them lovely—with Lux care.

Tests proved rayon slips and nighties stay lovely *3 times longer* washed the Lux way! Harsh washday methods fade color, fray shoulder straps, pull out seams, too. Don't risk strong soaps, rough handling, too-hot water. Lux undies after *each* wearing.

LUX care kept this slip strap color-fresh, lovely. This close-up photograph, taken after 30 Luxings, shows no signs of wear.

Washday Methods faded color over 50%! Straps were badly frayed after 30 washings, as you can see from this photograph.

Fight Waste

Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. Don't use more water than necessary. Wash several garments of the same color together to make Lux go even further.

A LUX life means a l-o-n-g life for undies!

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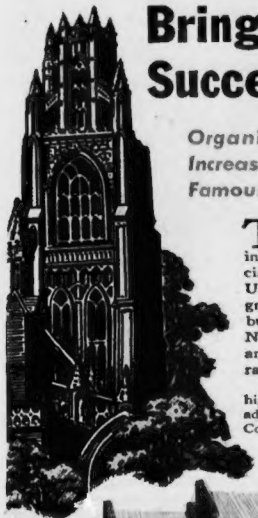

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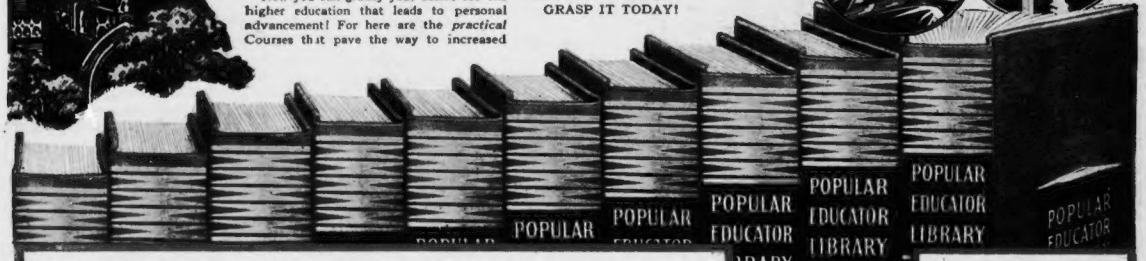

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